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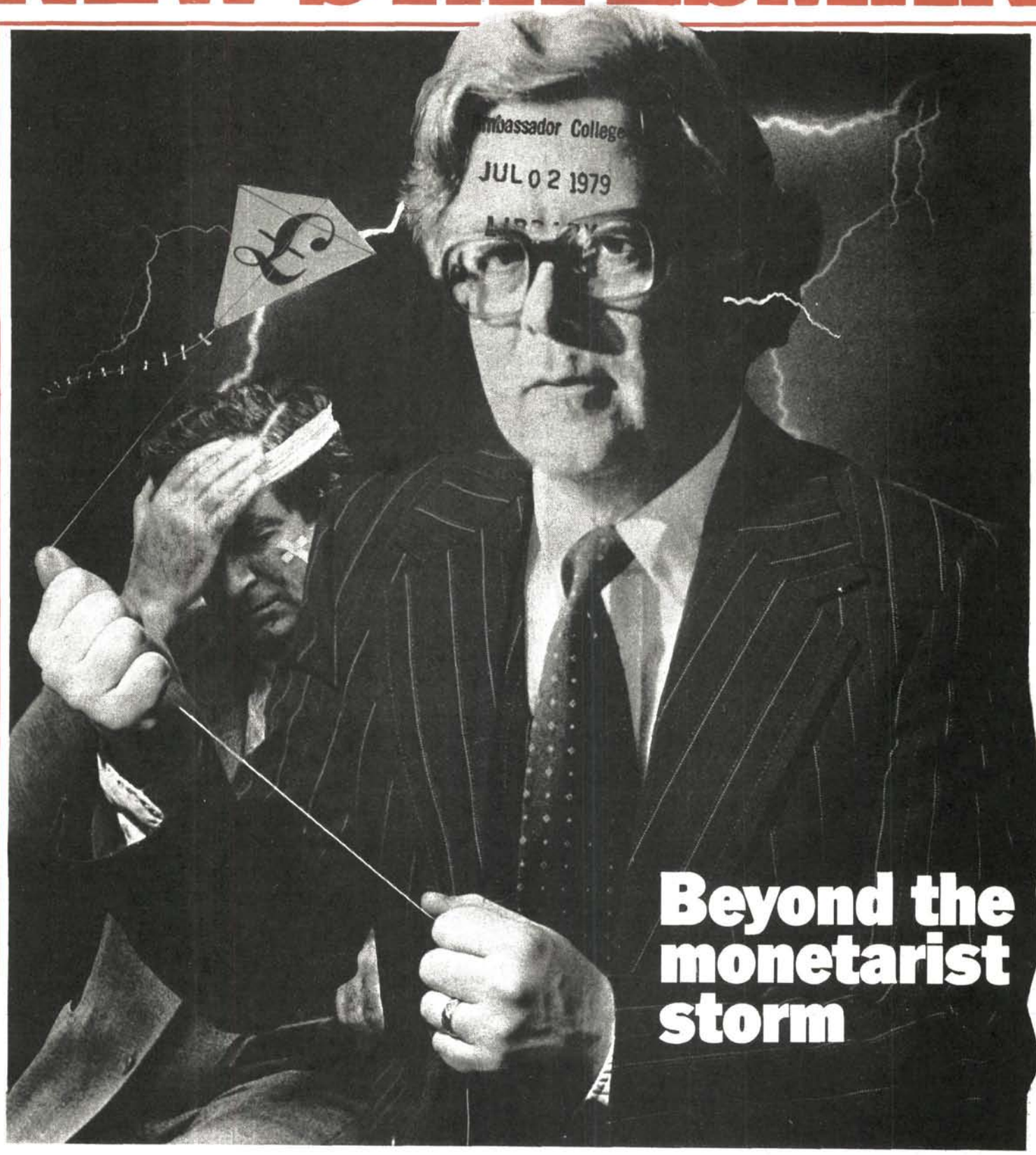

Beyond the monetarist storm

Labour's collapse: deserted by the workers

The Wallenberg mystery

Israel: autonomy for Gaza

Desmond Morris's Gestures/V.S. Pritchett's Essays

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The New Britain

THERE IS A DEEP IRONY in this week's publication of the Department of Trade investigation into the asset stripper Christopher Selmes, who was backed by Edward du Cann's bank Keyser Ullmann. In this edition of the NEW STATESMAN we chronicle the desertion of Labour's working class support: a trend which deserves more serious consideration than the remarkable history re-writes in which the Labour leaders now seem involved. More hopefully, on page 710, we offer some evidence that there are new options in socialist economic management. The point of the DoT report is that it could not illustrate with greater clarity what is wrong with the existing order.

The report criticises Keyser Ullmann for its 'incompetent' decision to lend £17 million, without any security and after no investigation, to the persuasive Mr Selmes. However, the decision was, in truth, not untypical of general incompetence in KU in particular and the City in general at the time. As one of the bank's ex-directors put it:

> We lived in a tremendous, a most optimistic world at that time. What you bought for a million pounds one day you sold for two the next and that person sold for three the day after.

We should not forget that the capitalist system is capable of producing periods of such lunacy, but this is not the report's main force. Rather, it is the picture it paints of a world in which most people are motivated by nothing other than the desire of self-enrichment. Companies – which often, somewhere, are involved in useful commerce – are but vehicles in which some men can ride in comfort and wealth. Stock Exchange regulations, company law and the normal rules of decent behaviour are encumbrances to be cast aside or manipulated as necessary. When discovered to be dishonest or just incompetent, the culprits show no remorse: they lie, they suffer from epidemic loss of memory, they blame others, they rewrite the past or, in Selmes' case, they go abroad with as much of the loot as they can carry. Such behaviour is not confined to the minor characters in this story: senior directors of merchant banks refuse to tell the inspectors the whole story, others deceive and threaten them.

It is hard to convey adequately the sleazy atmosphere of the inspectors' 400-odd page report, of what went on in the Grendon Trust company, in the years between 1967 and 1975, but the history of the Duke of St Albans seems to encapsulate the spirit of the time. INHERITING HIS TITLE by accident, the Duke found himself on the boards of two companies, where his major role was to act as a shop window, 'a name to attract the business.' Under his chairmanship, one of these companies – IMIT – was badly managed, run for the benefit of its directors and in a bad way because a large lump of shares in the Monotype Corporation had been dumped on it when one of the directors' personal share deals went wrong. The Duke saw a way out by merging the company with Grendon, which he succeeded in doing in 1972 by concealing the true facts. When some of his fellow directors complained about what was going on, the Duke tried to sell the company, over their heads and with scant regard for the interest of shareholders. When Selmes appeared as a bidder in 1973, the Duke knew more than he admitted and eventually sold out despite there being a more attractive bid in the offing. In all these activities he was not short of support, nor lacked rivals: two merchant banks are criticised for knowingly publishing misleading information.

No-one reading the inspector's report can dismiss the episode as just a series of errors of judgment. At one stage, in reviewing the behaviour of Selmes, the Duke and two of his directors, the inspectors say:

> all four of them conspired to lie to the (Takeover) Panel, a conspiracy that was made the more easy to achieve in view of the way that panel enquiry was conducted.

It is worth considering the opprobrium which would be heaped on a group of workers found guilty of 'conspiracy to lie' and contrast it with the easy time the Duke of St Albans had in the press this week. It is also worth noticing the almost complete ineffectiveness of the City's voluntary regulatory body, the Takeover Panel, in this affair. The inspectors remark that some 'pertinent questions' from the Panel would have shown them that Selmes was a liar and, if they had used evidence which they had, but declined to call, they would have done their job better. As it is, the Panel would not co-operate fully with the inspectors. This leads them, in their recommendations, to suggest that the law give inspectors the right of access to any person or documents which they think might help them. In addition to similar such reforms, there is one thing left for the government to do: hand the report to the DPP so that some of its cast can be put in the dock.

NOTES

Mirror's costly failure

Duncan Campbell writes: The *Daily Mirror* group must decide this week how to solve the enormously costly failure of their plans for new technology printing systems. A six-month long crisis, which started with the introduction of computerised systems for setting and laying out the *Mirror's* type, has resulted in rapidly escalating costs, millions of newspaper sales lost, and the need to choose between two ways of stepping back.

The crisis – billed modestly as a 'setback' in their internal newspaper – follows plans to convert the entire group of papers, including *Reveille*, the *Sunday Mirror* and the *Sunday People*, to totally computerised setting. Traditional printing technology involves creating both type and illustrations by moulding 'hot metal'. The new system, sold by the US company Linotype Paul, was intended to create a newspaper page electronically from start to finish. But the last six months, during which a dozen of the *Daily Mirror's* 32 pages have been converted to the electronic system, have shown that the new technology won't work as planned. The computerised system has been prone to numerous small errors and even breakdowns, and has proven to be far less flexible than older methods. As a result, deadlines in the critical process of printing and distribution are missed as pages of type are prepared hours late.

The economics of the transition have now left the *Mirror* in a financial cleft stick. Instead of reducing staff and wage costs as the new technology was phased in more have had to be employed to run the two systems in parallel. And since printing staff have been paid higher wages to compensate for the anticipated loss of jobs, the extra costs of the composite printing arrangements are substantial. Journalists have been told that the group lost £5½ million through the new technology in the last year alone. That included the embarrassing failure to convert the *Sporting Life*, which resulted in the paper being off the streets for a week. With the recent switch of processes on the *Mirror*, costs have begun to mount. The additional cost of running the new technology in March alone is believed to have been about £750,000. Plans to convert the *Sunday People*, *Sunday Mirror* and the rest of the *Mirror* have been abandoned indefinitely, although the weekly *Reveille* is now typeset on the system.

Two weeks ago an emergency working party was appointed to review the crisis. It is not now possible for the *Mirror* to return to the old hot metal methods because of the new wage rates, quite apart from any loss of face; the present mode of operation is producing untidy papers, losing sales, and could mean the end of the *Mirror's* profitability to its parent company, Reed International. And there is no prospect of converting entirely to the new technology system, even if this were possible. A much vaunted facility for the computer system to handle pictures and graphics has never worked, and any full scale use of the system would require the *Mirror's* news and sports to be completed hours before its competitors, a formula for journalistic suicide.

Almost the only solution to the problem is to downgrade the computer system from full page composition to simple electronic typesetting, followed by 'cutting and pasting' of the newspaper's pages, a method already in use by the *Mirror's* Scottish sister paper, the *Daily Record*. The decision is due to be announced to staff next week.

The *Mirror's* experiences do not necessarily invite comparison with the continuing suspension of the *Times* and *Sunday Times* over the issue of the introduction of new technology. However, the person responsible for the *Mirror* project, development director Joe May, did invite such a comparison in these columns six months ago when we wrote about the *Times*. He suggested 'if (*Sunday Times* editor) Harold Evans would like to see the future of Fleet Street he can come to look at it – at the *Mirror*'. Mr Evans may now be looking the other way.

After Southall

Ken Worpole writes: An intensive campaign has now started within the labour movement for a full public enquiry into the death of Blair Peach, the East London teacher who was killed after the anti-racist demonstration at Southall. In addition, a Blair Peach Memorial Fund has been set up in the East End of London to continue the fight against racism with which Blair Peach was strongly identified, and to give support to his dependents.

The shock of his death can still be strongly felt in the East End where he lived and worked. He was very well known and liked there, having taught at the Phoenix School for the Delicate for ten years, as well as being President of the East London NUT until a year before his death. Because of his public commitment to the Anti-Nazi League he had on two occasions within the last year been personally attacked by right-wing thugs, once on his way home from school.

The Blair Peach Memorial Fund is c/o Langdon Park School, Byron Street, London E14 0RY.

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NOTES

Will Italy vote for another compromise?

Tana de Zulueta writes from Rome: 'Italy is the only European country where the Christian Democrats have been in government for more than 30 years and where the Communist Party is so strong.' So runs a glossy election advertisement for the Italian Socialist Party, adding: 'This is why Italy is different from Europe.' The Socialists hope that on 3 June the electorate will prove itself more 'European' by giving them more votes than their present tiny slice of 9 per cent. Early opinion polls, however, suggest that the present situation is unlikely to be seriously altered: the Christian Democrats (DC) show a small increase to 40 per cent, while the Communists should drop from 34.4 per cent to 31 per cent. The real surprise is the Radical Party, with a predicted rise from 1.1 per cent to 5 per cent which might mean as many as 20 Radical deputies in the next Italian parliament.

Bouncing with confidence, the Radical leader Marco Panella goes even further, claiming 25 per cent of the vote. Under his flamboyant leadership this party of protest has gathered together an impressive array of candidates, including Leonardo Sciascia (author of *Illustrious Corpses*), the ex-editor of the magazine *L'Europeo* and even a renegade Communist deputy. The Radical campaign has in fact been so virulently anti-Communist that the editor of the right-wing *Giornale Nuovo* is suggesting a Radical vote as an alternative to his counsel at previous elections, which was 'Stop your nose and vote DC.'

A success for the Radicals would be a warning to the Communists above all: it would betray the widespread disappointment in the PCI's 'historic compromise' of power-sharing with the Christian Democrats. Both PCI and DC are blaming each other for the collapse of an alliance which had left the PCI midstream – neither in government nor in opposition. With very little to show for their three years' support for Giulio Andreotti's minority government, the PCI chose to back out before losing any more disgruntled voters. Their election slogan is, however, still cautious. It was the gunmen of the Red Brigades who set the tone of this election campaign by raiding the Christian Democrats' Rome headquarters. Now the DC are identifying their critics and opponents with the terrorists themselves. According to the party paper *Il Populo*, 'the intensification of the terrorist assaults objectively coincides with the ever more pressing demands of the PCI to reach power.' A DC poster shows a photograph of the chalk outline of a policeman's corpse with the slogan: 'Help us to defend those who defend your freedom.' The left-wing paper *Il Manifesto* can only lament that the terrorists are turning the DC into 'a party of lilywhite martyrs . . . people will soon forget that this is the party of the Lockheed scandal.'

Pay queue for Prior

Patrick Wintour writes: Relations between the new government and the unions have got off to a shaky start. First Mrs Thatcher refused to let Jim Prior have as his deputy in the Department of Employment his deputy in opposition Barney Heyhoe who had developed a relationship with union leaders, notably Tom Jackson. In Heyhoe's place was inserted Lord Gowrie, a man wholly ignorant of industrial relations. Soon after, Prior and Thatcher had a second disagreement. Thatcher wished to include a reduction in social security benefits to strikers in the Queen's Speech. This scheme is undoubtedly the most controversial of the four union legislative reforms planned, and Prior did not want to see it attempted too early. Mrs Thatcher's ambiguous reference to the proposal on Tuesday suggests that she has had to shelve the idea.

Prior was able to argue that the Government has enough on its hands for the next two months just dealing with the end of the pay round which is now developing a nasty sting in its tail. Some disputes, such as 50,000 ICI chemical workers and the engineers, can be legitimately ignored by the cabinet pay committee since they are in the private sector. But the teachers, polytechnic lecturers, postmen, white collar local government workers and the power workers cannot be so readily dismissed particularly since the Government has shown such interest in police and military pay.

The power workers have rejected by ballot their officials' recommendation (so much for *that* Tory panacea) to accept an offer of 14 per cent. The unofficial shop stewards movement, based in Doncaster, are pressing to have the consolidation money more quickly. The teachers have been offered 8.7 per cent, with referral of their 36.5 per cent claim to the Clegg Commission. The Commission's figure would be paid in two annual stages from 1980. The NAS claims negotiations are deadlocked and should go to arbitration, possibly through ACAS. The NUT rejects this; they want a better offer through the Burnham Committee.

The Post Office are now four months behind in reaching a final agreement. They have been offering 8 per cent basic and 8 per cent consolidation later but the UPW want a great deal more to be added and are angered by what they regard as favourable treatment for telecommunication staff.

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NOTES

Thatcher's complaint

Peter Stothard writes: To the surprise of top civil servants, who are used to prizing brevity even above secrecy, a curt note has gone out from Number Ten complaining that Mrs Thatcher is not getting enough to read. Distributed immediately after Chancellor Schmidt's visit last week, the Prime Ministerial memo stated that, while the mandarins' kindness in keeping down paperwork was not unappreciated, *Mrs Thatcher is a very quick reader*. The briefs on Anglo-German relations were considered excessively short on length, not to mention content, and a less platitudinous approach would be expected in future.

Once the initial shock of learning that Mrs Thatcher could read quickly had worn off, the old hands' reaction within Whitehall was that beginning of term keenness has been killed off before – and never more certainly than by the imposition of the bumph-mountain.

Meanwhile, as her civil servants search for ways of padding out their memos, Mrs Thatcher's ministers have been pledged to brevity: each must furnish her with a strictly one-page note entitled 'Our Inheritance' (Saatchi and Saatchi and Euro-election speechwriters for the use of).

Backstage troubles

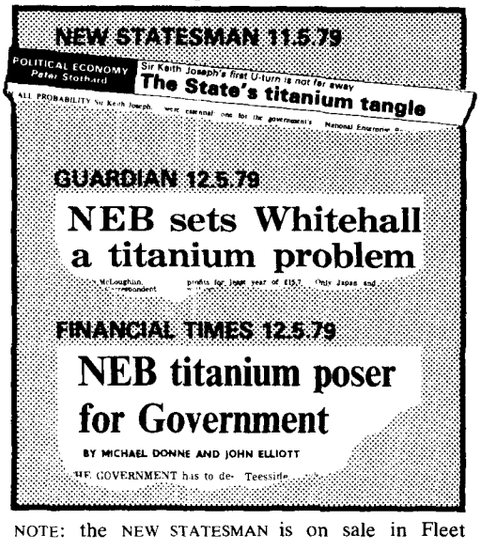
Andrew Curry writes: Legislation on secondary picketing will not be one of the new government's greatest worries, since the courts are already supporting employers who seek injunctions to restrain strikers from picketing those not directly involved in a dispute. This was reaffirmed last week when Mr Justice Sheen upheld a writ issued by the South Bank Theatre Board against six of the striking stage hands at the National Theatre. The Board owns the theatre site and leases it to the National, who will take it over when building is completed in ten months time. As a result of the nine week strike, which ended last weekend, lorries involved in contractual work at the theatre were being turned away at the picket line.

The Theatre Board's writ asked that the defendants stop 'interfering with contracts made by the plaintiff (the Board) for goods and materials,' that they should not trespass on the theatre site, and that they should remove their strike hut from land owned by the Board.

The defence against such injunctions is that the actions were carried out in 'objective furtherance' of a trade dispute. But Mr Justice Sheen upheld the Board's complaint on the grounds that the trade dispute was with the National Theatre and not the South Bank Theatre Board – despite the fact that the two bodies are clearly closely associated. They even share a chairman in Lord Rayne (who once said that the dispute would undermine 'the entire fabric of our democratic society').

The strike itself collapsed last Friday, when it became clear that the strikers' union NATTKE intended to do nothing about the NATTKE members working in the theatre's technical department – even though they had been taken on *since* the dispute began. Nor could the strikers persuade NATTKE members in the other main subsidised houses – the Coliseum, the Royal Opera House and RSC Aldwych – to strike in sympathy.

Just fancy that


NEW STATESMAN 11.5.79

POLITICAL ECONOMY Peter Stothard

Sir Keith Joseph's first U-turn is not far away

The State's titanium tangle

GUARDIAN 12.5.79

NEB sets Whitehall a titanium problem

FINANCIAL TIMES 12.5.79

NEB titanium poser for Government

BY MICHAEL DONNE AND JOHN ELLIOTT

NOTE: the NEW STATESMAN is on sale in Fleet Street on Thursday mornings.

POLITICS
Peter Kellner

How voters became 'Tories by experience'

Not a defeat: a disaster

LABOUR SUFFERED not merely a defeat but a disaster on 3 May. As the smoke disperses from the battlefield it is possible to survey the wreckage with greater clarity. Labour has suffered a serious, and possibly fatal, haemorrhage of support among the very people on whom it most depends if it is ever to regain a working majority in Parliament. New post-election evidence suggests an even bleaker picture than seemed likely at the outset of the campaign (NS 6 April). Defined by either geography or class, Labour has been forced back into its heartlands – the North, and the semi- and unskilled working class – and out of the rich pastures of the Midlands and the South, of skilled workers and their families.

The evidence for what happened and why comes partly from the results themselves, and partly from new opinion poll findings. Table one below is derived from more than 6,400 interviews conducted by Market & Opinion Research International for the *Daily Express* and *Evening Standard* during the campaign, and from the MORI/*Sunday Times* panel, from which 883 electors were re-interviewed on 4 and 5 May. As MORI's two eve-of-election polls both got each of the three main parties' shares of the vote right to within one per cent, it is possible to analyse the figures with some confidence. (A panel presents greater difficulties, because the fact of reinterviewing may influence some of the sample's opinions. For example, they became more interested in the election as the campaign progressed. The panel slightly underscored on the Liberals – 11½ per cent, against 14 per cent in reality – but the Labour/Conservative division proved right to within one per cent.)

What emerges is that the election result is the product of three separate influences: long-term post-war trends, the record of the Wilson/Callaghan government, and the election campaign itself.

FIRST, the long-term trends. Much was made on election night of the difference in the swing between northern Britain and southern Britain – taking the Mersey to the Humber as the dividing line. The difference was certainly more pronounced than in most previous elections, but the trend is not new. In fact, as table two shows, Labour's support has held relatively solidly in the North, while it has disintegrated in the South. Perhaps the most startling statistic of the election is that north of the Mersey-Humber line Labour did not do appreciably worse than in 1945, the year of Attlee's landslide. South of the line, however, a Labour lead of 100 seats has turned into a Conservative lead of 146.

The table shows how the change has occured through time, comparing this month's results with those for 1955 and 1970 when the Tories won by broadly similar margins. Over a generation Labour has ceded the votes of those people typified by returning war-time

1 HOW BRITAIN VOTED
(figures in percentages)

	SEX		AGE				CLASS			TRADE UNION		
	Men	Women	18-24	25-34	35-54	55+	ABC1	C2	DE	Member	Non member	ALL
% of voters	51	49	12	21	31	36	35	34	31	30	70	100
CON	45	45	41	43	45	48	59	40	34	35	50	45
LAB	40	36	42	39	35	38	22	42	51	50	33	38
LIB	12	17	12	15	17	12	16	15	11	12	15	14
Swing to Con since Oct '74	7	4	8½	4½	8½	3	0	10½	9	8½	5½	5½
Swing back to Lab during '79 campaign	−1	5	3½		2	½	−½	4	3½	−2	3½	2

Swinging Britain: the Tories gained most among working class men and first-time voters.

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servicemen – 'I'm Tory by upbringing, but Labour by experience.' Although progressively more people have joined trade unions, this has not helped Labour – especially in the Midlands and the South where the growth has been among skilled and white collar workers.

The electoral arithmetic, of five seats south of the Mersey-Humber line to every three north of it, means that if the Tories can mop up most of the South they need only a token presence in the North to take power.

The European Parliament election next month is likely to underline Labour's narrow regional base. The Tories can reasonably hope to benefit from the honeymoon normally accorded by voters to incoming governments, and from the greater willingness of Tory supporters to vote at any election not concerned with choosing a British government. On this basis, the 78 British Euro-seats (excluding Ulster's three) could well divide 60 Conservative to 18 Labour. On this calculation 14 of Labour's 18 would be in northern Britain; and three of the other four would be in Wales – leaving London North East as potentially the only Labour Euro-seat in the South of England or the Midlands.

AS A VERDICT on a Government, Labour's lowest share of the poll for 48 years contains its own bitter message. But within that overall figure particular trends, in some ways even more discouraging, are worth noting. As table one shows, the swing to the Tories was highest among working class voters (C2 consist of skilled workers and their families; DE consist of semi- and unskilled workers); among trade union members, among first-time voters, and in the 35 to 54 age group. In each of these groups the swing was at least three per cent above the national average. The vital point is that these very groups (except for the 35-54 age group) comprise Labour's traditional power base.

Perhaps the most notable of these groups are the young voters, aged 18 to 24. Labour's share of the vote has held constant at 42 per cent, compared with October 1974. The reason for the large 8½ per cent swing is that the Tory vote leapt 17 per cent (from 24 to 41 per cent), while the Liberal share collapsed from 27 to 12 per cent. Four years ago it was not absurd to compare the Tory vote to – say – the readership of the *Sunday Express*: large but ageing and likely to wither with time. Today's Tory support does not look nearly so geriatric.

If that gives Labour a long-term headache, the short-term nightmare is the collapse of working class Labour solidarity. This month's election has seen a 23 per cent lead among skilled workers all but vanish and a 33 per cent lead among semi- and unskilled workers halved. And when Margaret Thatcher said more trade union members would vote Tory than ever before, she was right: 35 per cent this time, compared with 23 per cent in 1974. Five years of tight living standards, squeezed differentials, massive unemployment and recent industrial strife have left their mark. The message now seems to be an ominous reverse of 1945: 'I'm Labour by upbringing, but Tory by experience.'

IF THERE ARE crumbs of comfort to be gained from the election result they are to be found in the campaign itself. The word is being put around that Labour won the campaign, even though it lost the election. It is a half-truth. In the early stages of the campaign Labour made little impact on the large Tory lead, although by most other measures (attitudes to issues and to party leaders) Labour's campaign was having some effect (see NS 27 April). About a week after Easter the Tory lead started slipping, most notably among working class women – the people who had turned most heavily against Labour during the winter. The most powerful influence on them seems to have been the fear that income tax cuts for husbands would be paid for by price rises for housewives. But in the final week of the campaign a spurt in Liberal support, especially among women, hurt Labour more than it hurt the Conservatives, and contributed to Thatcher's comfortable win.

Taking the campaign as a whole – it produced a two per cent swing back to Labour – the most significant figures concern the difference in behaviour between men and women. The main figures are shown in the bottom line of table one (which also shows that Labour recovered some of the working class ground it had lost previously – but not nearly enough swung back). From the evidence of the MORI/*Sunday Times* panel, which reinterviewed the same voters at intervals during the campaign up to the day after the election, the Liberal revival during the campaign was largely a female phenomenon. The following figures show, in percentages, how members of the panel switched during the campaign:

	Con	Lab	Lib
All	−4	0	+3½
Men	−1	−1	+½
Women	−8	+1	+7

At first sight it would appear that a considerable number of women simply switched

Tables 3, 4 and 5 are from the MORI/*Sunday Times* panel. 883 electors throughout Britain were reinterviewed on May 4 and May 5 – just after the election. The figures have been adjusted to be comparable with the original interlocking quota sample of 1,087 electors first interviewed between 4 and 6 April. Altogether 24 per cent of the panel changed their voting plans (including to and from don't knows) during the campaign.

2 THE NORTH-SOUTH DIVIDE

(no. of seats won)

		1945	1955	1970	1979	Change 45-79
NORTHERN BRITAIN	CON	72	111	86	75	+3
	LAB	165	124	148	151	−14
	Difference	LAB 93	LAB 13	LAB 62	LAB 76	
SOUTHERN BRITAIN	CON	128	223	236	264	+136
	LAB	228	153	139	118	−110
	Difference	LAB 100	CON 70	CON 97	CON 146	

3 HOW VOTERS MADE UP THEIR MINDS

Q. Which of the things on this list were particularly important in helping you decide which party to vote for (figures in percentages)?

	CON VOTERS	LAB VOTERS	LIB VOTERS
I like its policies	62	44	53
I believe it will be best at looking after the interests of people like me	61	61	43
I have always voted for the party	33	49	13
I dislike the policies of the other main party/parties	31	25	30
I like the party's leader (s)	25	33	39
I dislike the leader (s) of the other main party/parties	15	27	24
I like the party's local candidate	15	19	18
I expected a small vote for the party I usually support so I voted for my second choice	1	1	9

4 WHICH PARTY HAS THE BEST POLICIES?

(figures in percentages)

		Con	Lab	Lib	Don't know/ none
INFLATION/PRICES	Con voters	89	2	0	9
	Lab voters	4	84	1	11
	Lib voters	17	36	26	22
	TU members	38	48	4	9
TAXATION	Con voters	94	1	1	4
	Lab voters	16	63	1	21
	Lib voters	33	21	29	18
	TU members	51	33	7	15
INDUSTRIAL RELATIONS/STRIKES	Con voters	75	8	1	16
	Lab voters	6	80	2	13
	Lib voters	20	36	18	26
	TU members	28	52	4	16
UNEMPLOYMENT	Con voters	83	3	*	14
	Lab voters	7	73	*	20
	Lib voters	18	36	17	29
	TU members	37	42	2	19
COMMON MARKET	Con voters	67	6	1	25
	Lab voters	8	55	2	35
	Lib voters	21	19	25	36
	TU members	33	34	4	29
LAW AND ORDER	Con voters	92	1	0	7
	Lab voters	24	47	1	28
	Lib voters	44	6	19	31
	TU members	58	22	3	17

* *less than ½ per cent.*

5 WHAT VOTERS EXPECT FROM THE TORIES

Q. Do you think the new Government will or will not . . . (figures in percentages).

	Will	Will not	Don't know
. . . be able to work with the unions	42	34	24
. . . keep inflation down	45	36	19
. . . reduce unemployment	45	35	20
. . . cut income tax	84	8	8
. . . put up the tax on the goods you buy	87	5	7
. . . help improve your own living standards	45	39	16
. . . improve law and order	70	15	15

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from the Tories to the Liberals. In fact, the Tories lost votes both to Labour and Liberal, while the Liberals picked up supporters from both the larger parties. The two-way traffic in Labour support left its overall level among women just fractionally up over the campaign. TABLES three and four indicate that even at its present level, Labour's support is by no means rock solid. Conservative voters were noticeably more likely than Labour voters to cite policies as influencing their vote, while Labour voters more frequently cited tradition and the party's leadership. In other words, Labour is drawing on its bank of past loyalties to a dangerous extent: to hold its support, let alone gain new voters, it needs to recreate enthusiasm for its ideas and policies.

More specifically, as table four shows, on five out of six major issues Conservative voters backed Tory policies more solidly than Labour voters did Labour policies. (The exception was industrial relations.) On taxation and law and order a sizeable minority of Labour voters thought Tory policies were better.

Finally, after the election the MORI/ *Sunday Times* panel was asked what it expected from the new Government. Overwhelming majorities expect both income tax cuts, and increases in taxes on the goods they buy. But the panel was more evenly decided on whether these would lead to higher living standards. While Labour's problem in opposition is to find relevant and persuasive policies, the Tories' main problem in government is to translate its promises on tax into higher all-round living standards. If they succeed, while Labour fails to learn the lessons of the last five years, 1984 will see not just a defeat for the Left, but a massacre.

POLITICS
Christopher Price

Three-dimensional socialism is now needed

Recovering the doorstep vote

THE MOST SIGNIFICANT finding for the Labour Party in MORI's election day polls (page 705) was one which confirmed all my experience in the campaign: a 10.5 per cent swing to the Conservatives among skilled workers; a 9 per cent swing among semi-skilled and unskilled workers; yet no loss by Labour among the professional and managerial classes. It is only recently – under Wilson and Callaghan – that Labour has begun to take seriously the task of winning votes among these folk; and when our leaders said after the election that we had 'won the argument', I suppose that is what they meant – that we had retained our modest share of the professional and managerial vote.

Each election, Labour finds it more difficult to satisfy its two constituencies – a large working-class one which votes on instinct and a very much smaller middle-class one which votes on the 'arguments'. The first lesson of 3 May is that there is no point in conducting an abstruse medieval disputation for the benefit of the professionals if we fail to stir the workers' imagination. This requires action – not words. It was not Attlee's speeches that won Labour the 1945 election, it was close-up wartime experience of what the class system actually meant. In February 1974 it was the action of the miners and Heath's response, rather than any words of Wilson, which gave Labour the votes to win.

In 1979, Labour's natural working-class constituency was woefully short of positive incentives. Their wages had been pegged; for many, their real standard of living cut: their local authorities were denied resources and amenities. What's more, there seemed no plans in the pipeline, apart from a vague agreement with some impotent TUC leaders, to make it all better. So it was no surprise that enough of them, for Mrs Thatcher's purposes, voted with their guts and voted Tory.

It was an effort, the agony of which they often openly revealed on the doorstep. They did not trust the Tories an inch, Mrs Thatcher made them puke, they had nothing against me personally, but they were going to vote Tory – and they did. Partly because of Tory bribes and Tory promises – more money in the pocket, a capital gain on their council house, a tougher life for scroungers and muggers and a nastier society for baddies generally. But in my experience, they are not expecting much from the Tories. They were voting against Labour, because Labour seemed to be offering nothing special for them.

So part of Labour's present problem revolves round our abortive attempts to satisfy our two disparate constituencies. First we tried to extend our vote among the middle class by 'winning the centre ground' to the point of Baldwinesque complacency. Our policies became so balanced as between rich and poor, that our slogan of 'fairness' and 'cooperation' became synonymous with the *status quo*. On the other hand our attempts to boost pensions, low pay and the sort of public expenditure needed to improve the quality of life in the cities were constantly thwarted by our inhibitions against taxing the professionals and managers so hard that we would lose those few who were loyal to us. We did not even fall between the two stools. Our desire to become the natural party of government proved so strong that we became the party of the status quo.

But our failure to hold our traditional vote was not solely– or even primarily – economic. The British working class sometimes continue to vote Labour after the most appalling clobbering – as they did in 1950, and as they did to a great extent in the North and Scotland this time. But if Labour wants their votes, we must at least *look* alive and vital – as Harold Wilson did in earlier times. Labour's sense of humour and sparkle has served us well in the past over the Tories' deadbeat image. But under Callaghan, the spirit of Baldwin entered the soul of not only the prime minister and his cabinet, but also the whole penumbra of appointed ministerial placemen. Even the minority who came to their job with talent and sparkle, found themselves, in the atmosphere created by their superiors and reinforced by the civil service, reduced to dalek-style automata at question time.

As a method of running the country, this middle-of-the-road *gravitas* worked well enough. It was difficult to attack and exuded a vague aura of statesmanship – until it crumbled under last winter's strikes. But it was never an election winner. It infected both ministers and others in the Labour movement with a malign lethargy – a chronic failure in socialist imagination.

If Britain, as the *Guardian* asserted, was not in a socialist mood on 3 May, that was our fault. The government were not credible socialists. A wealth tax might have stirred up controversy, together with lurid (and false) tales of small business on the verge of bankruptcy. Action on the public schools might have produced a similar response. Without a majority, both might have failed to get through Parliament – though the second would have stood a good chance. But either *attempt* might have gone some way to convince our supporters that this was a three dimensional Labour government, not a two-dimensional cardboard imitation.

Nor was our minority position such a terrible disadvantage. There were dozens of ways in which it could have been used creatively. Obsessed by *geographical* devolution, we neglected the chance to fulfil our manifesto commitment on open government – the devolution of knowledge and information. The majority was there for a Freedom of Information Act. We did not do nearly enough, within five years, to assert our own commitment to democracy. Certainly proposals were in the pipeline – to democratise schools, housing estates and industry: but there was no urgency. Our supporters perceived insufficient commitment: and at the end of the day we were judged by our own people who knew us of old, as inadequate both as competent managers of the system as it stood and as credible pioneers to reshape it for the future.

So the problem is how to close the credibility gap, and for that there are things we must and things we mustn't do. First the negatives. We can do without another civil war. Last week's NS tried to lay to rest the fossilised Marx v. fossilised Keynes argument: if we can do that, we can perhaps avoid polarisation within the PLP and the conference. Second a change in the leadership would not be a real solution. We need to change minds, not people. No one individual was to blame for defeat, and no one new leader can provide a panacea for future success. Then, the positives. The pressure to democratise must go on. Inevitably in government, Labour used its share of patronage. That is no reason to import it into opposition. If the PLP makes a start by electing all shadow spokesmen, the democratisation of party conference can begin. Finally we must become a wider, more catholic party, open to wider pressures in society. We never had a monopoly of British radicalism: now, in certain areas of policy – civil liberties, housing, immigrant policies – we hardly keep a majority shareholding in that commodity. The next few years must be a period of listening more acutely to others.

Doubtless, after the Thatcher honeymoon will come the reaction. It is even possible that Labour could win the next election by default – because of the mess the Tories make. But it is far more probable that Mrs Thatcher will not succumb to Butskellism and press on with her religious crusade; and that crusade will have some impact. So Labour's urgent task now is not to wait on events; but to reshape our policies with the political imagination which eluded us in government, but which alone can restore our credibility as a party of democracy and socialism.

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There's an old truism about money: if you want to make a little you can save it, but if you want to make a lot you've got to spend it. Cast your bread upon the waters and it will show a return.

The same thing applies to your fuel bills. You can 'Save It' by switching off lights and by turning down the heating. That's a start.

But if you want to make real economies, you have to spend money: on insulation for the attic, draught excluders, double glazing, wall insulation — maybe even a more efficient heating system. Some of those may not look worthwhile at the moment; but as the cost of energy rises, it makes more and more sense to Spend It.

That's why Mobil's new refinery development in Essex will include an extra million pounds' worth of energy-saving equipment which wouldn't have been worth installing a few years ago.

We're not spending that extra million because it's noble or fashionable. Or even to please the Department of Energy. We're doing it because it makes hardnosed business sense. We estimate that our 'conservation million' will pay for itself in fuel saving *every year* over the lifetime of the plant.

The way energy costs are heading, there couldn't be a better investment than conservation. It's inflation-proof: the higher the price of energy, the more you save. So any forward-looking company should be way past the defensive 'switch off, turn down' stage of conservation by now. The positive approach of buying energy-saving technology is plain commercial logic.

Conservation is the cheapest fuel money can buy.

Even oil companies buy it.

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MIDDLE EAST
Ian Black

What will Israel's version of 'autonomy' mean to the Palestinians?

Power to exterminate mosquitos

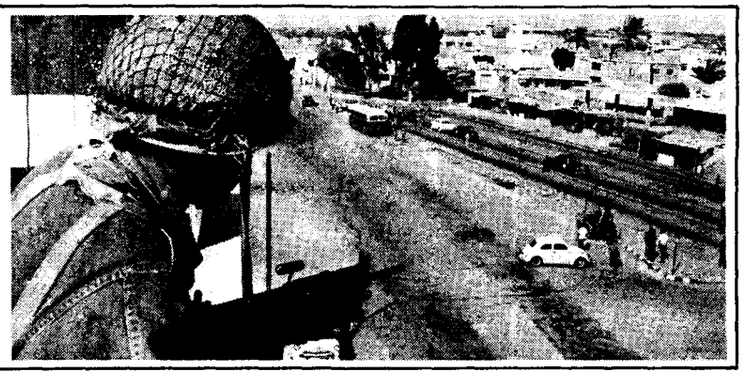
NEXT FRIDAY, representatives of Egypt, Israel and the United States will meet in the dusty Negev town of Beersheba to discuss ways of introducing 'autonomy' to the West Bank and the Gaza Strip. The chances that the talks will succeed seem slim: at Camp David the plan to create self-governing authorities was so vaguely worded that it could mean all things to all negotiating teams. Now the real meaning will have to be hammered out.

The original idea came to Menahem Begin in December 1977. His intention was to ensure Israeli control of the West Bank and Gaza (or 'Judea, Samaria and the Gaza area', as he calls them), freedom for Jewish settlement activity and the maintenance of an unlimited military presence. The question of sovereignty was simply to be left open, to avoid admitting that the territory did not belong to Israel. But in the pressure-cooker of Camp David, the concept changed radically: 'full autonomy', said the agreement, was to apply to individuals as well as to the territories in which they resided; Israeli forces were to be withdrawn to 'specified security locations'; and a local police force was to be set up. As for the future status of the occupied territories, the 1977 plan allowed for discussions on the subject to start five years after the autonomy institutions had been set up, while it was undertaken at Camp David that they should start no later than the end of the third year.

Beyond this, the scheme is still open to as many interpretations as there are parties involved. The United States is sticking doggedly to 'full autonomy'. The Egyptians see the scheme evolving into some kind of Palestinian 'self determination', although even in their more assertive moments they refrain from using the emotive word 'state'. The Israeli team (which will be answerable to a large and unwieldy committee chaired by Begin) will go to Beersheba with a line that differs little from the 1977 plan. Details were published last week in the independent daily newspaper *Ha'aretz*, which revealed that if Begin had his way – and he usually does – then Israel would demand sovereignty over the West Bank and Gaza after a five-year 'transitional period'; the 30-point outline ended with a resounding declaration that Israel would never permit the creation of a Palestinian state.

A number of leaks from the government committee drawing up the guidelines for autonomy (suspiciously timed to coincide with delicate moments in the negotiations with Egypt) have shown that Israel intends to maintain control of all state (i.e. Jordanian) land in the West Bank, as well as its water resources; and to ensure that the legal fount of authority for the SGA will be the military government. Karim Khalef, the fiery pro-PLO mayor of Ramallah, commented that this kind of autonomy meant 'power to collect rubbish and exterminate mosquitos'. Meanwhile, sites have been selected for new Jewish settlements and existing ones have been grouped into an independent organisation that promises them a kind of extra-territorial status.

The settlement lobby has been as vociferous as ever – with Agriculture Minister Arik Sharon playing follow-my-leader with the fanatics of Gush Emunim. Both Begin (whose eye is on the three National Religious Party members in his government) and Foreign Minister Moshe Dayan have insisted not only that Israel has a full right to settle in the West Bank, but also that there is no connection between settlement and *airmal* (or 'normalisation', the term used to describe relations between Israel and Egypt after the signing of the peace treaty).



Camera Press

Pressure of occupation. Israeli soldiers clear the market place in Gaza.

An even more intractable issue is the future status of East Jerusalem. At Camp David, Sadat insisted formally that East Jerusalem was an integral part of the West Bank and should be under Arab sovereignty. Israel simply recalled a decree issued in June 1967: 'Jerusalem is one city indivisible, the capital of the state of Israel'.

REJECTION OF THE AUTONOMY scheme by Palestinians in the occupied territories has been total and uncompromising. In the words of Ramallah journalist Raymonda Tawil, they see it as 'a sham, a lie, a gigantic hoax . . . an attempt to bury the Palestinian cause for ever; to relieve the conscience of the world by creating the impression that the Palestinian issue has been solved – while we remain under Israel's yoke'. But the most important single factor in closing West Bank ranks against the autonomy has been the rapprochement between Jordan and the PLO. A meeting in March between King Hussein and Yasser Arafat, and current discussions of a joint Jordanian-PLO committee on the occupied territories have removed barriers of mutual suspicion between the two camps. The main item on the committee's agenda is the control and distribution of $150 million allotted to the West Bank by last November's Baghdad summit. Municipal leaders on both sides badly need cash for development projects and have a vested interest in the rapprochement.

Palestinians have noticed that since President Carter made his long-awaited breakthrough in the Egypt-Israeli peace process, the pressures of occupation have increased. A two-week curfew was recently imposed on the tiny village of Halboul, after two students were shot at for throwing stones at an Israeli car: the unusually long collective punishment was widely interpreted as a harbinger of the new autonomy. Bir Zeit University, centre of Palestinian student radicalism, has been closed down indefinitely following pro-PLO demonstrations.

West Bankers are not impressed by promises of an Israeli withdrawal to 'specified security locations': the military government has seized 200 acres of land on a hill overlooking Nablus – and that looks like a good 'location'. Even if the army were to keep a low profile, the Palestinians would still have to contend with the dangerous antics of Gush Emunim settlers, who have formed vigilante groups on the ground that the military does not provide them with adequate protection against the natives.

THERE IS ONE CHINK in the armour of Palestinian opposition. In Gaza, where 450,000 people live a crowded and often squalid life sweetened only by the seasonal orange blossoms, there are signs that, given the right noises from the right quarters, the City and the Strip might just sign up for the autonomy scheme. For some time now there has been an unspoken agreement between Cairo and Jerusalem that implementing the autonomy in Gaza first might be a useful way to circumvent the unmovable opposition on the West Bank. When Egypt first proposed the idea late last year Israel objected on the grounds that Cairo's demand for a 'liaison presence' in the Strip was tantamount to a bid for reannexation and a contravention of the Camp David accords. But since then, Cairo has dropped this demand and what was first spoken of as a 'Gaza-first' autonomy now has reasonable chances of becoming a 'Gaza-only' autonomy.

Despite its appalling record of 19 years' misrule in Gaza, Egypt still has a good deal of muscle in the Strip. (In the West Bank, by contrast, it has few friends.) Thousands of local students travel yearly to Egyptian universities and are always at the mercy of Sadat's latest policy shift; the shareholders of the Gaza-based Bank of Palestine are still denied access to their funds, frozen in the vaults of two Cairo banks since the war of June 1967.

Much depends on Rashad Al-Shawwa, Gaza city's powerful and politically adroit mayor. In the six years he has held office he has survived two assassination attempts and still treads a precariously tight wire, maintaining good relations with both Hussein and Sadat and – incredibly – the PLO. He is due to visit Beirut soon for discussions with Arafat. It has been suggested that Shawwa may get the green light to go ahead and participate in the autonomy talks – to test the temperature of the bathwater, as it were – while the PLO will continue to condemn and undermine the scheme in public.

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Northern Engineering Industries Ltd.

1978 Annual Results

£185 MILLION EXPORTS & OVERSEAS TRADE

	1978	1977
Turnover	**£451m**	£387m
Profit before taxation	**£30.464m**	£25.157m
Profit after taxation	**£22.763m**	£18.896m
Dividend per ordinary share	**7.5p**	6.00p
Earnings per ordinary share	**29.63p**	28.87p

NOTE: The comparative figures in respect of 1977 have been restated to reflect the change in accounting policy for deferred taxation.

Points from statement of the Chairman, Sir James Woodeson, CBE, TD.

1978 Performance . . . Profit before taxation of £30.5 million is some 21% ahead of the 1977 figure . . . Increased trading is supported by a strong balance sheet . . .Direct exports rose to £115 million; overseas companies achieved £70 million turnover; international trade thus totals £185 million.

Exports and Overseas . . . We have continued to develop our export business successfully. Our policy is to supplement the direct export effort by the formation of joint ventures, the development of well-chosen overseas manufacturing and assembly bases, and by a growing involvement with local partners. The overseas operations will themselves generate new business for the UK factories, particularly for higher technology components.

Turnkey Capability . . . The turnkey capability of NEI in the design, manufacture and supply of power stations is of particular significance in connection with exports to developing countries. In this context I am particularly encouraged by the opportunities in China. The Company has now submitted comprehensive proposals in support of the massive Chinese power station construction programme.

UK Power Station Programme . . . The UK power station ordering programme now appears to have been settled for the immediate future. NEI will be supplying the turbine-generators and certain boiler work for Drax B, and design work has already commenced on the steam raising units for the AGR nuclear reactors which are based on Clarke Chapman designs for the units now operating at Hinkley and Hunterston. Tenders have also been submitted and are currently being examined by the Generating Boards for the turbine-generators for the new AGR stations.

Outlook . . .NEI is now firmly established as a comprehensive mechanical, electrical and combustion engineering group serving industry worldwide. The range of activities cover a diversity of products and markets which helps to counteract some of the adverse effects of cyclical trading patterns in particular sectors of industry.

Most of the trading activities have a good forward order book, and despite the difficulties at the beginning of this year, I believe that the Company is set on the right course to take advantage of the worldwide business opportunities that are available to us.

The Annual General Meeting will be held on Thursday 14th June at 12 noon at the Gosforth Park Hotel, Newcastle upon Tyne. Copies of the Report are available from the Company Secretary, Northern Engineering Industries Ltd., NEI House, Regent Centre, Newcastle upon Tyne, NE3 3SB. Details of the Annual Results are also contained in a Report to Employees which has been circulated to all employees.

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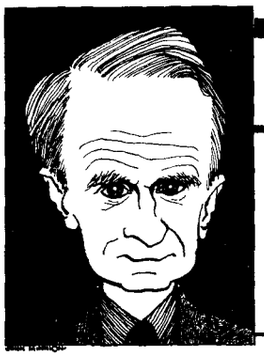

New models of the future

Economics is on the brink of an intellectual revolution. JEREMY BRAY, showing that the errors of Keynes and the pretensions of monetarism are equally obsolete, argues that there are new prospects for socialist policy-making.

THE ADVENT of the Thatcher government makes it necessary first to understand the economic arguments by which it claims to be guided; second, to ask whether they are misconceived; and third to lay foundations for a new and sounder socialist alternative. If this means questioning the rationale of the Callaghan-Healey government, so be it – the Tories, with some justice, often accused Mr Healey of stealing their monetarist clothes.

The centrality of monetarism in Tory economic thinking I have shown before (NS 6 April). Sir Keith Joseph defines it as:

> The policy of trying to move towards and then maintain a stable growth in money supply closely related to the probable growth in output capacity.

Achievement of full employment and economic growth cannot, according to the monetarists, be a direct objective of policy – as they have been, ever since the Second World War. The country has suffered many confusing switches of economic doctrine, at the hands of both Labour and Tory parties: it is wise to look closely at the developing state of economics, to see if this latest one is justified.

The experience of the election is relevant: a reminder, in the words of Peter Jenkins in the *Guardian*

> of how deeply the Labour movement remains rooted in the people of this country . . . inspired by a spirit of generosity, fraternity, and forbearance which makes it still the most powerful political and social force in the land.

The campaign showed that the spirit of the Labour Party is still alive: Mr Callaghan, when his instincts reasserted themselves, did much to rouse it, and in Scotland – where I fought myself, and where, perhaps in a muddled way, the Labour record reflected that spirit more closely than in Britain as a whole – we won. But the spirit alone is not enough.

Because the Callaghan-Healey government lacked a coherent intellectual basis for Labour economic policy, there existed a vacuum which was filled by the narrow and alien ideology of monetarism. What happened?

To be Chancellor during a sterling crisis is traumatic. The real reverses are bad enough: the disasters threatened are terminal. The explanations offered by advisers are so banal ('People are selling more pounds than they are buying'), and the remedies suggested so extreme, that the Chancellor is forever immunised against economic advice – good and bad. Colleagues and opponents not tempered by such experience seem lightweight.

Mr Callaghan, in 1967, and Mr Healey, in 1976, had received it. This gave the Labour government a dour strength. But it muted serious economic debate within the government – and in Whitehall and Westminster as well. The result was not any single major error of policy, but systematic and uncorrected biases of judgment, which led eventually to the unachieved five-per-cent pay policy – producing in turn the winter conflict which destroyed Labour's electoral position.

MORE SOPHISTICATED ECONOMICS could have helped. Contrary to popular belief, economic science, unlike the British economy itself, is rather healthy. Certainly it has much improved since 1964, when Harold Wilson imported economists – rather than economic ideas – wholesale into government.

The difficulty is that economics has become highly mathematical, slowing-up the dissemination of economic ideas in a country like Britain, because the establishment is largely blind to the mathematics required. The situation is rather like that of physics in the early days of relativity and quantum mechanics, when there were similar barriers to comprehension. Asked when physicists generally would accept relativity, one pioneer said: 'When those who don't have died.'

As yet, British 'Keynesian' economists who advised Labour ministers before the collapse into quasi-monetarism have no mastery of the new developments. It needed only a whiff of political reaction, some one-sided travellers' tales about superior techniques in America, and the fright of a sterling crisis to produce a new orthodoxy of tight money control, stagnation and high unemployment.

An important difference is that the new economics, although difficult, is not elitist. The old economics mythologised the experience accessible only to a handful of businessmen, bankers, civil servants and ministers, producing a cult of 'judgment' under which they might hide their difficulties from themselves and others. (Hence, the extreme aversion to publishing the evidence on which 'judgments' are based.) Taking comparisons back further into the history of science, there are similarities to the problems men faced in growing food without a reliable calendar. Variabilities of sun, moon, temperature, wind, rain and growth were so interlocked, yet so unreliably related that it was impossible to perceive the neatly packaged (but interacting) subjects of astronomy, meteorology and botany. The astronomers had an important role to play in public policy.

Once they had sorted out the calendar, the astronomers were no longer needed in politics – though in some civilisations, their special influence outlasted its usefulness by a thousand years. The equivalent, in economics, of sorting out the calendar will not solve all our problems – but it will clarify existing ones, identify new ones, and make much traditional hocus-pocus irrelevant. Naturally our older economic astronomers who perhaps claimed too much, feel threatened by newer ones, who claim less, but seem able to establish what they do claim.

The *objectivity* of the new economics makes it potentially accessible to a wider public, through an educational system which is already geared-up to serious mathematics to train engineers and scientists. Elitism, therefore, will have to give way to a more rational analysis.

CHALLENGE is the starting-point. How do we decide which economic statements, purporting to be about the real world, are bunk? The archetypal argument is: 'If we adopt policy A, B will happen, whereas if we adopt policy C D will happen. We prefer B to D. Therefore we should choose policy A'.

The first stage is to *probe* the statement, or theory, that B will follow from A. I do not say *prove*, because I share the view that we cannot prove theories about the real world. Knowledge is built by stating theories, and trying to disprove them by empirical evidence – predicting outcomes, and rejecting a theory if its predictions are erroneous. In so far as a theory survives searching tests, we can accept it as a working tool.

Sir Karl Popper stated this view of scientific method in *Logik der Forschung* (1934) which was not translated into English (*The Logic of Scientific Discovery*) until 1959: in doing so, he contested Keynes' views about the logic of probability, which were the foundation of Keynes' economic methodology.

Keynes (whose first major work was the *Treatise on Probability*) claimed to distinguish between the Laplacian or 'mathematical' method, and the 'inductive' method, which he espoused himself. By the Laplacian method, Keynes meant the mainstream development of mathematical statistics, which carried with its enduring techniques the traditional nonsenses about the likelihood of Prussian cavalarymen being kicked to death by horses (with which Keynes had much fun).

By inductive method, Keynes meant analysis of the stability of some property – say, the proportion of births which are male – within subsets of the data first considered. Had Keynes developed the concept, he would no doubt have ended up using the techniques of mathematical statistics, and *requiring tests of theories from evidence outside that from which the theories were derived.* That is the kind of 'outside sample' test now sought by econometricians.

But what he actually did was use the concept to justify the elaboration of theories to such a point as to make them untestable: a 'theory' becoming, not a predictive tool, but a catalogue of already-known empirical facts. Richard Stone, Keynes' research assistant during the last five years of his life, has described in his recent and fascinating Keynes Memorial Lecture how Keynes' attitude to mathematics prevented him from gaining additional evidence in support of his economic theories – and muddied the attitudes of a generation of British economists.

Keynes had turned into a blind alley – reaching, as shown by Popper's crucial analysis in *Logic of Scientific Discovery*, a position which makes theory itself useless:

> Keynes' theory implies . . . that the probability of a hypothesis *decreases* with testability . . . A

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Sterling crisis, 1976: Callaghan and Healey lacked the technical firepower to neutralise monetarism.

theory is regarded as scientifically valuable only because of the close logical proximity between the theory and empirical statements. But this means nothing else than that the content of theory must go as little as possible beyond what is empirically established.

It is curious that Keynes' speculative and adventurous temperament should have accommodated itself, in the end, to such a view – but less surprising that his official inheritors should have embraced it.

> This view is closely connected with a tendency to deny the value of prediction, 'The peculiar value of prediction' Keynes writes (Treatise on Probability)' . . . is altogether imaginary. The number of instances examined and the analogy between them are the essential points, *and the question as to whether a particular hypothesis happens to be propounded before or after their examination is quite irrelevant.*' . . . This view of prediction is certainly consistent. But it makes one wonder why we should ever have to generalise at all. What possible reason can there be for constructing all these theories and hypotheses? The standpoint of inductive logic makes these activities quite incomprehensible. *If what we value most is the securest knowledge available* – and if predictions as such contribute nothing towards corroboration – *why may we not rest content with our basic statements?*

IT WAS F. A. HAYEK, the guru of Sir Keith Joseph, who brought Popper to the London School of Economics after the war. But Popper took issue with him as well. Claiming to show that the methods of natural science cannot be applied to social science – and so, by extension, that purposeful social reform is impossible – Hayek wrote:

> The physicist who wishes to understand the problems of the social sciences . . . would have to imagine a world in which he knew by direct observation (only) the inside of the atoms, and had neither the possibility of making experiments with lumps of matter, nor the opportunity to observe more than the interactions of a comparatively few atoms during a limited period. From his knowledge of the different kinds of atoms he could build up models of all the various ways in which they could combine into larger units, and make these models more and more closely reproduce all the features of the few instances in which he was able to observe more complex phenomena. But the laws of the macrocosm would always remain 'deductive'; they would, because of his limited knowledge of the data of the complex situation, scarcely ever enable him to predict the precise outcome of a particular situation . . . although they might be disproved by the observation of events which, according to his theory, are impossible.

Popper had no trouble in showing that in this passage Hayek had demonstrated that social science and natural science had, in principle, the same methods, limitations and potentialities. Indeed, Hayek accepted the substance of Popper's argument.[1] But in practice both he and his monetarist followers in journalism and politics have continued to emphasise the *difficulty* of prediction, rather than the *necessity* of prediction if theories are to be put to any serious test.

Unhappily, Popper's critique of traditional Marxism as totalitarian blinded the left to the value of his methodology. And although he had considerable influence among LSE students in the forties and fifties, they often perverted his logic into crude, generalised iconoclasm. Constructive and disciplined application of his methods – and developments of them by Imré Lakatos and others – to economics had to wait upon progess in economic and econometric theory. Econometrics, which is the handling of statistical data in relation to economic ideas, had to learn how to handle uncertain, cumbrously-moving systems (also, to overcome Keynes' influential condemnation). Economic theory had to progress beyond regarding markets as having only properties ascribable to individual traders. Both developments depended on more sophisticated mathematics.

TO PROBE economic theories, you must be able to state them so that they are neither obviously wrong, nor so vague as to be vacuous. The statement that 'Consumer expenditure rises proportionately to real disposable income' is just wrong: cursory examination of the record shows that if people have 10 per cent more spending power they do not just spend 10 per cent more. But the statement, 'Consumer expenditure *usually tends* to rise with *variable lag* and to a *variable extent* with real disposable income' is so qualified as to be nearly vacuous.

But statements with real content are now being successfully formulated as econometric equations. Drawn from records of the past, they state, not exactly what will happen in the future, but the *likelihood* of different things happening. Passage of time makes it possible to test, with new material from 'outside the sample' on which the equation was based, whether those likelihoods have been correctly predicted. The whole economy can be modelled, in greater or lesser detail. The equation illustrated, dealing with consumer spending on non-durables, is based on the work of David Hendry and Angus Deaton – it is now used in the Treasury model (which is the best Treasury model we have), and what is significant about it is that it has produced good predictions over the past five years; a period *outside* that from which it was originally estimated. Most pundits were saying that consumer behaviour and the savings-ratio were quite anomalous.

It remains a problem that much econometric work published and practised still fails this predicting test: the spread of errors, when models are taken 'outside the sample', is still greater than expected. Econometricians have devices such as 'distributed lags' (effects delayed and spread through time) which can make the facts fit many theories.

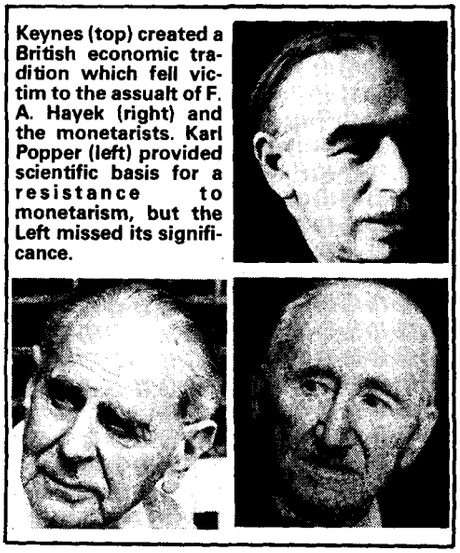
But it remains possible to ask: does the theory, trimmed to fit the facts up to 1970, *and only up to 1970*, describe correctly what happened in 1971 and 1972? And, trimmed with 1971's facts, does it describe 1972 and 1973 – and so on to the present. If so, we are safer in thinking that, trimmed up to the present, it will predict 1979 and 1980.

During 1979 and 1980, our theory will undergo 'live test'. And it is now the experience of practical forecasters in the US and UK that forecasting tends to be more accurate than expected for theories that have been rigorously tested.

BUT WE CANNOT ASSUME that our theory will work up to 1985. To account for long-term factors we need to check – say – whether the 1970 version fitted for seven years to 1977 (and so on for successively trimmed versions). Or we need a higher-level theory about the process of trimming. But either way we soon run out of evidence: checking seven-year effects since 1970, we have only one year's update before we hit the present. And we cannot go further back if we want to examine new influences.

We can try looking at other countries or earlier periods, and we can seek more evidence on each component of the overall theory. But the new factors require trimming, and the dilution cause is apt to outweigh their value. Confronted with this ineluctable information barrier, we must ask realistically what is the best theory we can get, or (seeing theory as a guide to action): 'Given the information we have, what are the best actions we can take, and the best results we can expect?' We cannot say what will actually happen: we can only discover the likelihood of particular combinations of events.

But what practical meaning attaches to the 'likelihood' of some economic event which becomes, once it has happened, unique and unrepeatable – gone with its moment of time? The answer is none whatever, if we always place ourselves and our theory – as Keynes implied we can – after the event. But the mathematics of probability enables us to place ourselves in advance of complex economic events, formulating a theory which takes account of the fact that our point of view changes as the event approaches and we



Keynes (top) created a British economic tradition which fell victim to the assualt of F. A. Hayek (right) and the monetarists. Karl Popper (left) provided scientific basis for a resistance to monetarism, but the Left missed its significance.

[1] His emphasis on the prediction of a pattern is acceptable, provided it is well-enough defined to be falsifiable.

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accumulate new information. It is no more than the formalisation of something we do intuitively in the actions of ordinary life, such as driving a car or striking a ball. And given careful definition, we can make the theory relate to a succession of similar events, as tennis-players learn to predict the results of certain kinds of strokes.

But economists with sketchy mathematical training find this difficult to do – unable to deal properly with the fact that our information is always limited, but always increasing, they fall back on all manner of botches, and on advice which ignores depth in time. The practical decision-maker may be unable to articulate the logic of his actions, but because he does, intuitively, modify his expectations in the light of unfolding evidence, he is able to trump the economist who cannot handle the mathematics of increasing information in a dynamic situation. Sadly, the practical man does not realise that he can do much better by analysing what he does, and that the rigorous econometrican is only being a more thorough and specialised practical man.

ALTHOUGH THE UNDERLYING theoretical work is not easy – much of it results from cross-fertilisation between econometrics and engineering – it can produce equations like the one in our example, which are not in themselves hard to understand[2]. Methods of testing whole models have been described by the American pioneer Lawrence Klein, and are not matters of serious dispute. But so far, they have not been codified as required practice by the editors of learned journals, grant-giving bodies such as the Social Science Research Council, and the customers (in politics and elsewhere) of forecasting services. Academics, not being responsible for policy, have no primary interest in testing, just as their colleagues in medical science are not centrally concerned with drug testing, which is the task of doctors, health services and pharmaceutical companies.

In short, rigorous testing will not become general until policy-makers demand it. It would get rid of a great deal of nonsense, but would there be any economics left, worth taking into account in the decisions on tax, spending and money which a government cannot avoid? The answer has changed a lot lately, and is still changing.

The kind of 'outside sample' testing I have described leaves some economic relationships clearly defined, but the predicted margins of error are wider than some economists would like (the expected error, indeed, is part of the relationship). They are larger than those claimed in econometric work which has not undergone such testing, which still includes most British model-building work. But the errors are no larger than the errors found in live forecasting with relationships of all kinds: with rigorous testing, we at least know what to expect. There is not, and probably never will be, any operational model of an economy in which every part has survived 'outside sample' testing. But it is possible now to build a model in which most of the important equations have done so.

[2] One practical outcome is the avoidance of over-elaborate equations, and neat handling of the inevitable lags and errors. Box and Jenkins introduced the idea of parsimony in the elaboration of equations: Akaike gave parsimony a theoretical basis by relating it to the limited amount of information in the data; Mehra's methods have led to simple ways of building equations by reference to an information criterion; and Chow has modified Akaike's criterion for economic models.

Inside the model

David Hendry describes in the *Economic Journal* (December 1978) an equation he and Angus Deaton developed to predict consumer spending on non-durables, now used in the Treasury model. The original mathematics are formidable, but the message can be put fairly simply: the equation says that percentage change in spending this quarter, compared to one year ago, will *equal*

+ 0.48 *times* the percentage change in disposable income

– 0.23 *times* the amount by which the percentage change in disposable incomes up to this quarter exceeds the percentage change up to last quarter

– 9.00 *times* the natural log of the ratio of consumers' spending to disposable income a year ago

– 0.12 *times* the percentage change in the consumer-price index

– 0.31 *times* the amount by which the percentage change in the price index up to this quarter exceeds the percentage change up to last quarter

+ 0.62 *times* a normally-distributed random variable with expected value zero, but standard error of 1.

The last term gives the probability distribution within which the prediction of consumer behaviour should fall, with an expected error of 0.62 per cent. The equation is compatible with several purely verbal descriptions of consumer behaviour, but is not *contained* in any one of them.

The error is cumulative when forecasting more than one quarter ahead. Within a model of the whole economy, the error in prediction of consumer spending would be more than 0.62 per cent, because prices, wages and profits have to be predicted and entered in them into the prediction of consumer spending. Further prediction errors for variables like prices and wages are related – but their correlations can be taken into account.

Against this background, of course, the idea of finding any one relationship which can predict or describe the behaviour of the economy becomes implausible.

GIVEN THESE UNAVOIDABLE margins of error, it is a pity that modellers have allowed forecasts to appear as their chief output. Forecasting ability is certainly the test of a model, but what is forecast is not a unique course of events, but probabilities of different outcomes – conditional upon other events happening. And among these events are policies, which we expect to alter according to the flow of events: unless we take them into account, our analysis will be naive.

Talk about 'brakes and accelerators' has made analogies from other dynamic-control systems dangerous, but all the same the problems of economic management can be illuminated by reference to situations where things happen faster. Consider navigation: a yachtsman may not be able to predict within 30 per cent his speed over the next hour, or his time to reach a port 50 miles away any better. He will often have to revise his planned courses. But a good navigator, by taking account of tides and wind-shifts, will usually get to his destination probably quicker than a bad one.

The economic policy-maker must have, and state, a 'destination' in terms of improvements in unemployment, inflation, disposable income and so on, ordered according to priority. Then, to go from a tested model to a preferred policy – dealing with a world of flux and uncertainty – requires a moderately sophisticated piece of mathematical analysis. There is nothing magical about it: relating policy adjustments made now to objectives which lie in the future involves the mathematics of control theory, developed originally by engineers to design systems such as autopilots.

Ten years ago at the Massachussetts Institute of Technology, Pindyck did the first exercises in derivation of optimal policies from an empirical model of the US economy. Livesey, at Cambridge, did a similar exercise for the UK. Chow, at Princeton, introduced the essential treatment of uncertainty, and developed methods applicable to full-scale models. Aoki at UCLA started looking seriously at economic theory using control-theory ideas. Kendrick, at Texas, has worked on stabilisation problems in commodities, and on systems where the model must adapt to changes in behaviour.

As long ago as 1972 Phillip Cooper and Stanley Fischer, working at the citadel of monetarism in Chicago produced models exploding various monetarist preconceptions. They found that the constant growth-rate value for money-supply growth (cited earlier from the works of Sir Keith Joseph) was *never* the optimal one. Tse, at Stanford, has produced methods by which policy could not only achieve optimal results with present information, but could also optimise generation of new information for future policy. Wall, in London and MIT, has developed practical methods for building models of very 'noisy' systems simultaneously for many variables: Preston, at Australian National University, has related the number and complexity of policy instruments to the number of objectives being sought in a dynamic system.

But the explosion of ideas has yet to break into official British policy-making. Westcott, at Imperial College, has assembled a complete set of methods for model building a policy optimisation, suitable for use on large economic models of the sort used for forecasting in the Treasury and elsewhere. But the Treasury refuses to try them. Buiter, at Princeton, has shown that optimal exchange-rate policies are neither fixed (as we used to have), nor floating (as we have now), and has illustrated the kind of rule required to achieve optimal results. The Bank of England has ignored his work. Perhaps most worrying is the simple fact that next month there will be a conference on economics and control held at Cambridge: invitations have gone to 260 economists in America and 98 in the rest of the world — of whom only 15 are in the UK.

THE ECONOMIC ADVICE that emerges from the use of control theory and econometric models may look like the sort of thing everyone claims to have thought of before. But it is timing, magnitudes and combinations which are critical, as the history of the last government's pay policy makes clear. More honestly, the advice will appear explicable, but not easily discoverable, because although computers can be programmed to 'think' about noisy, dynamic systems which operate in seven or more dimensions, people are very bad at it. (Control theorists know better than to try, but politicians and economists tend to be very positive about their own back-of-an-envelope answers.)

The advice, of course, should never be mandatory, and in the early stages there will no doubt be much critical examination. Danger will more likely come later, when advice is being uncritically accepted and no-one has noticed that the model has suddenly gone off the rails. But the fact that

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autopilots can go wrong is a reason for watching them, not rejecting them.

The real resistance will come from the fact that the ultimate policy maker, the politician, can and indeed may have to choose priorities, and choose where uncertainty must lie, because it cannot be reduced below a certain level. There can be no fudging. Civil servants particularly feel uneasy with the idea of ministers being able to state objectives and policies in an operational sense. They still like to believe that there is a value-free social optimum, divinable by themselves, which it is the politician's task to sell, with such concessions to venality as he finds necessary. Yet, *if anything comes out of modern economics, it is the realisation that there is no value-free optimum.* The right policy depends on your objectives, both in the shorter and the longer term.

Of course, behind all discussion of policy analysis, there are problems of doctrine and theory: the debate between monetarism and demand management, underlain in turn by a more fundamental debate about what sort of system we believe the economy to be.

The monetarist debate which flared-up in the United States in the sixties led to brisk exchanges in which both sides learnt a good deal about policy analysis. A brief historical review may give a saner perspective to what has happened in Britain. In 1963, Friedman and Schwartz argued from nearly a century of US economic history that money-supply changes usually preceded changes in money income. Ando and Modigliani (1965), De Prano and Mayer (1965) and Hester (1964) showed that while money was important, autonomous expenditure was equally or perhaps more important — but in any case that single equations could not explain the complexity of the economy. Friedman and Meiselman (1965) argued that the evidence, although less clear-cut, still pointed in their original direction. Tobin & Swan (1969) reworked Friedman's data and said it did not support a simple direct relationship between income and money-supply. Andersen & Jordan (1968) argued that monetary policy had a larger, faster and more predictable effect than fiscal policy – but with slightly modified definitions De Leeuw and Kalchbrenner (1969) obtained quite different equations. Further work showed that conclusions depended on the definitions chosen. In 1975 Brainard & Cooper concluded that the argument could not be resolved by comparing the closeness with which rival monetarist and fiscal models fitted evidence in the periods from which they were derived.

Comparisons were pursued between large models making predictions. While the monetarist St Louis Federal Reserve Bank model showed larger effects of monetary policy, it performed less well than the Wharton Business School and other large models in forecasting. A major post-mortem on US policy for 1971–75, organised by Lawrence Klein, set similar policy objectives for a variety of models. Broadly similar conclusions emerged: that double-digit inflation could not have been avoided by fiscal *or* monetary policy, but the depth of the recession could have been reduced, with little penalty in inflation, by less deflationary policies.

Latterly, argument has been about the role of 'expectations': do the public adjust their behaviour to cancel the effect of government policy, so making demand management impossible? Sergeant (1973) took a standard Keynesian model, and credited entrepreneurs and wage-bargainers with rational expectations about inflation (rational in the sense of accepting the forecasts of the model). He found the rate of output independent of both money-supply and public spending. That is what naive monetarists argue. Lucas (1976) and Kydland and Prescott (1977) and others developed this line of argument: Chow, Buiter and others have now shown that it is possible to account for expectations in optimising policies.

What prevented, in America, the kind of monetary policy-backlash which affected Britain was not politics, but the sheer firepower of articulate, mathematically-competent and hard-working American economists, the great bulk of whom are not monetarists.

VERY ONE-SIDED ACCOUNTS of these fireworks were imported to this country by Sam Brittan in the *Financial Times* and Peter Jay in *The Times*. Neither of them can understand or criticise the more mathematical work in economics: they could not, however, have had the influence they did if the older generation of liberal Keynesian economists and their proteges had been technically equipped to oppose the extremities of monetarism.

Admittedly, there were problems, merely in terms of translation between two economies which exhibit major differences. The simpler arguments had turned out to have little substance even on the American data, before people got around to trying them on the British. Often, it was more rewarding professionally for British economists to join in the American arguments – but that made no contribution to policy debate here. Of course, British economists could construct and test theories for the British context, but as there

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are far fewer working economists in Britain, serious research takes much longer than in the US. The Treasury have only just published their model of the UK financial sector, which tries to show, after the style of the big American models, how our monetary system actually works. It distinguishes 13 different kinds of financial assets, and six classes of holders of them. Monetarists who like to juggle money-supply definitions to fit the latest figures will have plenty to go at: but the futility of such exercises is now obvious. Rather than answering all questions of monetary policy, the model offers a framework for further testing and analysis. But it offers no endorsement of fashionable monetary targetry.

The damage had been done by the time of the 1976 sterling crisis and the IMF loan negotiations – when British ministers learned to love the crow they were forced to eat. Since then, we have been ruled by the over-simplifications of single-objective politics: get inflation down, through a restrictive monetary policy, and all else will be added to you. There was just enough of the old faith left to forfeit the alleged benefits of monetarism by adding a rigid incomes policy.

To squander in this way the good will and tolerance of British working people – which could have been devoted to the regeneration of British industry – may have been a moral and political mistake. But it was compounded by a technical error in economic policy, which supposed that inflation could be tackled on its own. (It would be wrong to blame the IMF. Like other bankers, they are simple souls, who want their money back and have a little formula for screwing it out. But they do not really worry about inflation: the fact is that we chose our own bed of nails.)

MONETARISM OFFERS simple disciplines, but its arguments scarcely stand up even in the context of extreme right-wing attitudes which do not give a damn about unemployment. For leaders of the left it is a lethal drug. We must move to a multiple-objective strategy, including a serious attack on unemployment and less restrictive policies on current public expenditure. Using the Treasury model itself, I put forward an outline of such a case last year (NS, 14 July). Mr. Healey did move the economy somewhat in the direction advocated. But he did not make an explicit commitment, and he continued to insist on short-term maintenance of the exchange-rate and monetary targets. Therefore he could not get the necessary increases in exports, investment and productivity: so far, all we have done is take up the oil revenues in financing a consumer boom, while industry continues in decline.

Reconstructing the British economy depends in good part on reconstructing British economics: an effort which must involve universities, research institutions, journalism and Parliament. There is much to be done: for instance, the Social Science Research Council does not even provide an econometric computer-package, such as it provides for social-survey research. And obviously politicians lose authority when they exhort everyone else to embrace microprocessors, while being themselves reluctant to learn how to use modern computing methods for policy analysis. Nonetheless, some progress has been made: for the past five years, university jobs have tended to go to more mathematically-sophisticated economist, and within the last Parliament the General Sub-Committee of

Peter Jay of The Times (above left) and Sam Brittan of the Financial Times (below) imported to Britain half-understood traveller's tales about the American work of Milton Friedman (top): Whitehall was uncritical in its acceptance

the Expenditure Committee began to show signs of unease about merely following journalistic fashion.

In some university departments a desire to maintain numbers has caused reluctance to maintain, let alone raise mathematical standards for entry – so students are not learning much about modern economics. In their own interest, students would be wise to avoid economics unless they can tackle differential equations, linear algebra and statistics as a starting-point: on the other hand, economics is now as good an option for the mathematically gifted as the physical sciences.

In its latest newsletter (April 1979) the Social Science Research Council laments that

> The Economics Committee has been aware for some time of the extreme shortage of good econometricians in the UK . . . The long-term effects of this reluctance on the part of students to undertake postgraduate training in quantitive economics will be . . . to undermine both the quality of research being carried out, and the professional standards of economists responsible for advising the policy makers in both public and private sectors.

This has been the reality of the situation, indeed, for the past ten years. However, the reality has now been recognised.

BUT THERE IS A POINT on which civil servants fasten with relief. If methods of analysis and policy-making are compared – rather than actual economic performance – there can be no doubt that Britain is far more sophisticated than countries like France, Germany, Italy and Japan. Yet those rival economies generally outperform ours.

It does seem that in several other countries there are informal, but highly effective means of communication of keeping the economy efficient. But if countries like France and Germany were to catch up – as they are beginning to do – with the sophistication of British and even American economic analysis, they might find ways of using it without losing their present structural advantages. In that case, we would fall still further behind, having once again helped to pioneer a development from which others gain more benefit.

More interesting questions apply to America, where analysis is better, but policy-making machinery is messy by Whitehall standards. President, Congress and Federal Reserve act independently: the President cannot get tax cuts through Congress, and Federal agencies have regulatory powers all their own. British government, by comparison, is tidy – even monolithic – but look at the results!

The question in the extreme case is whether multiple sources of power and decision, able to respond to pressures within their own field, are more or less effective than a single centre of decision. One configuration of the problem is whether a market economy is able to achieve better or worse performance than a centrally-planned economy, and as a question in economic theory it raises much difficulty. General equilibrium theory deals with the case of static equilibrium where all agents or traders have complete and certain information. Suppose by some means such an economy achieves maximum possible welfare. But Arrow and Debreu have shown that this economy can achieve the same optimum, after an initial redistribution of wealth, by free exchange without central planning.

This is the contemporary, rigorous expression of Adam Smith's 'invisible hand', admired by Sir Keith Joseph. But quite different results are obtained if, as in real life, the information available to each agent is limited, underlain, and costly. Numerous recent papers on fields as diverse as education (Arrow), the labour market (Spence), insurance (Stiglitz), stock and commodity markets (Grossman), advertising (Butters) and used cars (Akerlof) have shown that the free market only achieves social optimum in the most exceptional cases. Speculative markets simply do not give traders sufficient incentive to gather the information which would be needed for appropriate decisions.

Much of this work uses fairly advanced mathematics which pays off by the generality of its applications and the insights offered into the nature of difficulties. For instance, where economic agents are able to withhold information about their own expected costs, the achievement of social optimum is almost always frustrated. Some current treatments populate economies with firms, rather than the individual traders of traditional theory, going some way towards explaining why institutions develop in the form that they do. It is proving possible to deal with questions which defeat purely verbal analysis.

SO AT THE LEVEL of fundamental theory, as well as empirical studies, the balance of debate in economics suggests that if the Tories follow their monetarist predilections they will increase the imbalance, instability and stagnation of the economy, with increasingly severe bouts of inflation, unemployment and balance-of-payments trouble. Of course, they may not in practice act like monetarists, and we should do our best to ensure they do not.

In opposition, Labour should not waste any more time defending the monetarist aspects of the Callaghan-Healey government than the Tories wasted in defending Heath's record. What we should be clear about is that the tide of economic debate is running strongly in favour of the balanced pursuit of multiple objectives, with a need for the government to intervene in markets and act to secure the free flow of information in the economy. A coherent intellectual basis for socialist policies which are consistent with the spirit of the Labour Party is now available, and we should build upon it.

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SWEDEN
Maurice Samuelson

After more than thirty years, the mystery is still not solved

What happened to Wallenberg?

A SWEDISH *cause célèbre* has suddenly surfaced again this year after lying dormant for almost 15 years. Relatives of a Swedish diplomat, Raoul Wallenberg, who disappeared 34 years ago in the Soviet Union have received new information that he may be alive in a Soviet jail or labour colony. The Swedish government, far from accepting Russian denials, is considering publishing some of its Foreign Ministry's 7,000 documents on Wallenberg amassed since the end of the war. Their most recent information includes a reported sighting of someone who could be Wallenberg in Butyrka prison hospital, Moscow, as recently as 1975. An international campaign to seek the truth about Wallenberg's fate was launched in London last weekend by his sister, Mrs Nina Lagergren. Mr Greville Janner MP and Mr Winston Churchill MP are setting up a parliamentary committee and politicians in other countries have pledged their support.

The Wallenberg mystery has frequently strained relations between Sweden and the Soviet Union for over 30 years. Wallenberg, famous for his efforts to save Jews from Nazi death camps, was taken into custody by the Russians in Budapest in 1945 and has never been seen since by the outside world. Despite strenuous, albeit changing, denials from the Soviet Union, there have been continuing reports of his existence and his mother and step-father, who died only recently, believed their son was still alive.

The recent flare-up was provoked by a report from a Moscow antiques dealer that during a three year stint in prison he had met, in 1975, an unidentified Swede who had been a prisoner for 30 years. This report tended to reinforce earlier claims by various ex-prisoners that they had seen Wallenberg in several places in the 1950s and 1960s. On 3 January this year the Swedish government sent its new information to Moscow but received a terse three paragraph reply from the Soviet embassy in Stockholm saying 'there is not, nor can there be, any new information regarding Raoul Wallenberg's fate' and repeated their wearily maintained claim that he had died in 1947.

The Swedish government, however, are not convinced. Their 3 January *aide mémoire* was supported by information that Wallenberg was in the Verchne-Uralsk prison in the Chelyabinsk region from the end of the 1940s to 1953; in the Alexandrovsky central prison, Irkutsk, from 1953 to 1955; and in the Vladimir prison from 1955 to the late 1960s.

Sending the note was the most serious move by the Swedish government since the early 1960s when Mrs Nana Svartz, a distinguished Swedish doctor, said that a Soviet colleague had told her Wallenberg was seriously ill in a mental hospital near Moscow and advised her to petition the Kremlin for his repatriation. This provoked the Swedish government to publish a White Book on the affair.

Interest in the Wallenberg case has been sustained because of the endeavours of his relatives – the wealthy banking and industrial family – and supporters, and Wallenberg's own legendary exploits in Budapest where, as a member of the Swedish legation, he saved thousands of Jews from the Nazis by issuing Swedish passports and establishing a sanctuary of 32 buildings flying the Swedish flag.

Repeated Swedish attempts to verify the unending stream of evidence which had helped to keep the case alive, have often touched off diplomatic storms. There was a furore in the 1950s when returning German and Italian prisoners of war said they had met the mysterious Swede in Siberia. Until then the Kremlin had stoutly denied that Wallenberg had ever been in the Soviet Union and said he had been killed by the Gestapo in 1945. But in 1957 the Russians backtracked, admitted they had taken Wallenberg prisoner but now said that he had died in the Lubyanka prison at the hands of Stalin's secret police in 1947. Not surprisingly this failed to narrow Moscow's credibility gap.

It is now widely believed that in 1947 Wallenberg was imprisoned for life and deliberately barred from any communication with his family or any foreign government. Since both the American State Department and the American Jewish organisations were interested in his mission to save Jews the Russians would automatically have regarded him as a spy. He may also have been suspected of involvement in secret Nazi attempts to negotiate with the West behind the Russians back before he went to meet the advancing Russians, never to be seen again.

EDUCATION

Blundering towards selectivity

THE ELECTION PLEDGE to bring back secondary modern schools will not be the easy and popular ride the Tory government expects. But it should still be able to inflict some delicate acts of vandalism on an education system currently emerging reasonably intact from its comprehensive transformation, if badly battered by six years of public expenditure cuts. What effect will the Tory wrecking machine have?

In state education, most children now go to comprehensive school – 84 per cent. Only five per cent go to grammar school, with ten per cent in schools with that sec mod label. Twenty-seven LEAs are still holding out against full comprehensive status; but a few more are likely to revert to a selective system. The Campaign for Comprehensive Education has estimated that in this way Tory plans mean seven per cent more children will be creamed off to the 'right' side of the selection tracks.

The Tories intend to repeal those sections of the 1976 Education Act which make it compulsory for local authorities to produce acceptable schemes of comprehensive reorganisation. Instead LEAs will be able to decide for themselves – under the terms of the 1944 Act – whether to be fully comprehensive or to have a group of grammar schools.

The other main plank of policy is to introduce the much-criticised Assisted Places Scheme, specially designed to divert £50 million out of the public education budget and into the independent sector, which will mainly help middle class children.

Official Tory policy has never recognised the inconsistency of supporting the principle of comprehensives and operating a selective system side by side. These two acts will revive on a national scale the discredited 11-plus exam (discredited not so much because it was a bad exam but more for what it meant for those children who failed). They will also damage the smooth running of many comprehensives – just at the time when a mounting body of evidence is showing that they are operating successfully and to the benefit of the more able as well as the less able.

The recent study *Fifteen Thousand Hours* (NS 23 March 1979) produced strong evidence of the need to have a balanced academic intake in order to have a successful school. A report by ILEA's science inspectors revealed that children in non-selective schools match the exam achievements in science subjects of children in selective schools, despite the non-selective schools having poorer science facilities and less teaching-time in science. The report concluded that its results do not support the contention that bright children underachieve in comprehensive schools. The National Child Development Study – a long-term look at what happens to 6,000 children born in 1958 – found that mixed ability teaching helps slower children to get better exam results at 16 than they would have done if separated at 11. The cleverer children are unaffected by not being part of a weeding out process.

Playing off teachers against schooling

CAN CARLISLE pull it off? The teaching unions are as much opposed to revitalising the selective system as they are to education cuts. The government may try to buy them off with a Houghton-style pay award. During the election campaign, Mrs Thatcher committed herself to the principles of the 1974 Houghton agreement, and talked of how inflation had ravaged teacher's salaries. Although few teachers are likely to be taken in they may be manoeuvred into an awkward position. It doesn't need the soap-powder brain power of S and S to sloganise: greedy teachers force cuts in school spending.

But the key decisions will be taken by the LEAs even though some two-thirds – including several Tory ones – will be unwilling to mess around with their school structure yet again to satisfy an educationally dubious right-wing obsession.

Parents' groups will have to use the 1944 Act which is ambiguous on how children should be educated: it allows infinite scope for challenging selection decisions.

The loss to schooling from increasing selection will come in a number of ways, although it will take time. Eventually, though, an unpleasant pattern of education privilege will spread. The immediate effect is likely to be psychological: for example by raising expectations among parents which cannot be fulfilled and frustrating teachers who see their more able pupils taken away from them.

Secondly, the policy will divert the attention of administrators, teachers and parents away from more immediately crucial issues – expanding nursery education, meeting the needs of comprehensive pupils, increasing provision for books and equipment, reorganising the exam system, giving a fair deal to 16 to 19 year olds. These are the very areas where educational cuts are likely to be made.

Rick Rogers

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London Diary

☐ 'Too many British politicians have aroused enmity and bitterness by the end of their time. Mr Callaghan will be remembered as the man who, at a sour junction, went a long way to recivilise politics, to make them calm, temperate and once again very British' (*Daily Express* leader, 5 May 1979). The Tory press loves a Labour leader who has lost a general election, but James Callaghan has always been a special favourite of theirs. They look back on his career with nothing but admiration for the calmness, temperateness and very Britishness which emerges at every junction, sour or otherwise. Calmly, when Chancellor of the Exchequer from 1964 to 1967, he obeyed the orders of his civil servants in the Treasury to cling to an overvalued pound. Temperately, when there was no alternative, he devalued it. In a very British way, he offered to resign and then scampered into the Home Office as Home Secretary. Almost at once he recivilised politics by rushing through an Act to keep East Africans out of Britain because of the colour of their skin.

The same qualities have shone through the Premiership: meekness and obsequiousness to the rich and powerful; hostility and meanness to the people who voted him into office. When he funked the election last October, many people hoped he would spend his last six months restoring some of the fruitless sacrifices which he had so frequently begged of his supporters. But no. No sooner was the autumn out, but he was lashing out in all directions at enemies of society such as lorry drivers, school caretakers and hospital laundry women. When he finally did have to fight an election, he chose a new slogan for Labour; 'Avuncularity for Ever'. 'Don't Rock the Boat' he cried to a people whose strong impression was that the boat was sinking. The predictable result is that the trade union movement is dreadfully demoralised; a once radical intelligentsia has almost vanished and the vilest set of Tories most of us have ever known is in office. If that is what Labour supporters get in exchange for their leader's calmness, temperateness and British recivilising, I should have thought they had had enough.

☐ I hear of a curious meeting which took place at a great house in Windsor Park in February between trade union leaders and top lawyers. The union leaders, who included Ken Gill and Alan Sapper, were selected by the TUC. The lawyers, among them Lord Wigoder and Mr Justice Slynn, were handpicked by the Lord Chancellor. They discussed matters of mutual interest, which are, according to the TUC, 'highly confidential'.

The discussions were arranged by the St George's Society, which was founded in 1966 by the then Dean of Windsor, Robin Woods (he is now Bishop of Worcester), with the active help of the Duke of Edinburgh. The Society gets people together for weekends in St George's House in Windsor Great Park to 'communicate freely and frankly' and to share 'spiritual experience'.

Dr John Long, the director of studies at the Society, tells me that it is not for him to disclose what took place in the discussions. He says that he arranged the meeting because of 'an apparent antipathy between trade unionists and lawyers'. He replied: 'I think there are all kinds of discussions – some private ones, over lunch and at golf clubs – and others in public. I would have thought that the two kinds of discussions have always existed in parallel.'

Dr Long came to the St George's Society two years ago from Brussels, where he was a director of ICI.

☐ One of Thatcher's most imaginative appointments, which has nothing to do with the City or big business, is that of the Second Earl of Gowrie as Minister of State for Employment.

Gowrie's breeding is prodigious. He springs from the family of Ruthven (pronounced Riven) which was plundering the land around Perth before people started writing history. There used to be some Earls of Gowrie way back in the 16th century until an unfortunate episode when James VI of Scotland visited the home of the Third Earl, who had been scandalously accused of practising witchcraft and necromancy. In a curious reversal of the roles in *Macbeth*, the King's courtiers slew the handsome young earl. The Gowrie family estates were forfeited, and the very name Ruthven abolished by special Act of Parliament in 1600 (only to be revived again in 1641).

I digress. What I am trying to show is that 'Earl Grey' as he is affectionately known, is supremely well suited to deal with the unruly ghillies of today's trade unions. He is a man, as I can testify, of the utmost charm and resource. Eighteen years ago, I was so impressed by his socialist credentials that I approved his appointment to succeed me as editor of the Oxford University magazine *Isis*. I am determined not to embarrass him in his new role by quoting from his almost unspeakably sycophantic profile of me in the 'Isis Idol', which he revived in order that he himself might be idolised a term later.

☐ I am an unqualified supporter of any investment in train services, especially on the London underground. So why do I find myself, almost every morning, cursing the new Jubilee Line? A London Transport press circular boasts of the new line 'opening up a new direct link between North West suburbs and important business and shopping areas in Central London.'

What it doesn't say is that the Jubilee Line also *closes down* a direct link between North West suburbs and business and shopping areas in central London. Passengers, like myself, who live on what used to be the Stanmore branch of the Bakerloo Line used to be able to travel direct to Regents Park, Oxford Circus, Piccadilly Circus, Waterloo and the Elephant and Castle. We cannot do so any longer without changing trains. In exchange for this considerable inconvenience there are three new links in the tube service – all servicing prosperous areas in Mayfair. This has taken eight years, and cost £87m.

☐ Trade union leaders are always protesting that they don't get a fair whack on television, so I was glad, while watching *Tonight* the other day, to see Fred Jarvis of the National Union of Teachers and Terry Casey of the National Association of Schoolmasters lining up for an interview on the teachers' dispute. There was no representative of the employers on the screen and the interviewer, Donald McCormick, was scrupulously fair.

He started by asking Terry Casey what the dispute was about. Casey replied that Burnham was deadlocked. This drew an angry riposte from Fred Jarvis who said that Burnham wasn't deadlocked at all because Burnham could only be deadlocked when the chairman of Burnham said so. Asked why NUT members were taking action, Fred replied that this had nothing to do with Burnham being deadlocked but had to do, on the contrary, with Government criteria.

The argument raged on for a bit and then McCormick asked both men whether they were agreed on anything. Yes, replied Jarvis, they were absolutely united in the determination to restore Houghton. Exactly, said Casey, he too wanted to restore Houghton.

The interview ended and I wondered whether there was a teacher or parent in the country who was any the wiser.

☐ On 8 May, at daybreak, a young Palestinian student called Ryad Awad was dumped by Israeli troops on the Lebanese border. He was forced under threat of gunfire to walk into territory which is controlled by Maronite forces under Major Haddad, who is waging a holy war on the Palestinians. Ryad Awad will be lucky to escape with his life.

He had been accused by the Israeli security forces of inciting Palestinian students in the Hebrew University of Jerusalem to send a public message of support to the Palestinian National Council. For this 'offence' he was not convicted, nor even tried.

It looks as though this new and barbaric punishment for 'dissident' Palestinians will become a common feature of the Israeli military occupation. It follows quite naturally from the Camp David accords which, while securing Israel's frontier with Egypt, gives the army of occupation carte blanche to step up their repression of the Palestinians on the West Bank of the Jordan.

Paul Foot

This England

Prizes: £3 book token for first entry, £2 tokens for others printed. Paste entries on a postcard.

☐ Police are hunting a man who duped a shop assistant into parting with £150. He walked into the shop in Attercliff Road, Sheffield, on Friday night, said he had a P45 in his pocket and demanded money. The assistant, unaware that a P45 is a social security form for claiming unemployment benefit, gave him the money. – *Sunday Telegraph* (W. Pugh)

☐ Jill Tweedie said: 'The burning of the bra was not an empty gesture; what women were saying was, from now on breasts will do their own thing.' – *Observer* (John Proudfoot)

☐ Mrs Thatcher is quite right to condemn the unhygienic custom of baby-handling by electioneering Parliamentary candidates. My son was sitting in his perambulator, harmlessly surveying the sea at Criccieth, when he was patted on the head by Mr Lloyd George. He was bald before he was 30. Letter in *Daily Telegraph* (W. Diment)

☐ Snobby it may sound but there's something about a Tube Line which can drag an area down. It doesn't just make it easier for the residents to get out, it makes it easier for the rubbish to get in. – *Sutton Herald* (D. Lowy)

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LETTERS to the EDITOR

No limp wrists, please

Sir, How ironic that last week's cover story on the Natonal Front was illustrated by a cartoon showing a limp-wristed Martin Webster. As a gay man, I can hardly find this any support against the anti-homosexual attitudes of the National Front.

DAVID FERNBACH

27 Priory Avenue
London N8

Semantics at the GLC

Sir, Judy Dempsey wrote some very odd things (NS 13 April) about the Greater London Council. Contrary to her assertions, GLC Tories did *not* change the 'executive structure' in 1977; the GLC is *not* a social services authority; the GLC has no 'executive committee', whatever that may be – and if it did it would comprise elected Members, not officers; and the GLC employs neither a 'controller of finance' nor a 'director of manpower'. The implication that top-level GLC officers are politically biased is also unfounded. Eight lines: seven mistakes: is this a record?

HORACE CUTLER
Leader

Greater London Council
County Hall, London SE1

Judy Dempsey replies: According to the Municipal Year Book (1978/1979) a Controller of Financial services and a Director of Establishments are employed by the GLC. The latter post is referred to – informally – as Director of Manpower. Horace Cutler may argue by semantics, but this can only distort the facts, not eliminate them.

Regarding Horace Cutler's suggestion that only elected members and not officers sit on executive committees – surely the senior officers, that is the heads of each department, meet to discuss policy recommendation options and the deployment of resources?

While I argued that the responsibilities of social services, planning, housing and recreation have become diluted since 1977 in the GLC I did not imply that the GLC was a social services authority. Horace Cutler however will agree that the GLC has the responsibility of being the sole London authority for providing new homes outside Greater London.

Türkes replies

Sir, The article by Charles Patmore (NS 6 April) shows the integral characteristics of a Marxist slander campaign against the well-being of our beloved country and the NAP. If there were some points to be corrected or clarified, the article could be explained as the result of the exploitation of the goodwill of the journalist. But an article which contains not even the slightest trace of truth in every aspect may necessitate some other explanation. It is astonishing to observe how devotion to Marxist dogmas can urge any person to bring bare facts upside down in order to serve his ideology.

How can any intellectual with a minimum presence of human conscience accuse a party like the Nationalist Action Party, whose 306 members and supporters have been killed, 835 wounded and 328 party buildings bombed, burned or fired upon throughout the country during the 15 month period of the Ecevit government by communist terror gangs, of authorising political terrorism?

The claim that I was imprisoned for Pro-Nazi intrigues against the Soviet Union during the Second World War can only be regarded as funny. The single party mechanism ruling Turkey at the time charged me of Pan-Turkist sympathies and I was acquitted by the verdict of the military tribunal of the charge. The one party system run by the Republican People's Party until 1950, reverted to all measures against any intellectual that dared to try to utter anything outside the framework of their totalitarian system, but even they at that time could not think of such a funny charge. If any person sensitive against Soviet imperialism was thus accused, the British nation should get accustomed to evaluating Sir Winston Churchill in the same category.

Talking of my key role in the 1960 revolution and trying to implicitly connect this with the hanging of Menderes is a wicked intrigue. Everybody that has a minimum knowledge about the turn of events in my country at that period, remembers vividly my resistance against such a measure, including the letter I sent to President Gürsel from my post in New Delhi, in order to prevent such a catastrophe and reminding everybody concerned the consequences of such a historical guilt.

The philosophy of the NAP does not tolerate discrimination against any race, religious group or nation. We believe that the only road to happiness for humanity passes through democracy and freedom. We are firmly against all totalitarian regimes, including communism, fascism and nazism. We are committed to the defence of personal rights and liberties. The idealism of the supporters of the cause of the NAP is the main guarantee of the integrity of the Turkish Republic, the unity of the Nation and the preservation of the democratic system in the country.

ALPARSLAN TÜRKES
Chairman

NAP
Ankara
Turkey

Derogatory remarks (1)

Sir, I am writing to ask you to print a correction to the misinformation in Ruth Hall's London Diary of 4 May about Lord Brocket's plans to turn part of Brocket Hall into a conference centre. Planning permission was granted by the then Conservative controlled Welwyn Hatfield District Council and strongly *opposed* by the Labour Group on the council.

I also object to Ruth Hall's erroneous and derogatory remarks about Welwyn Garden City. Those of us who live here do so with great pleasure and are grateful to those whose inspiration it was, such as the late Sir Frederic Osborne and others.

ESME HAILEY

19 Elmwood
Welwyn Garden City
Herts

Derogatory remarks (2)

Sir, In her London Diary of 4 May Ruth Hall describes a venture by some Irish businessmen which, by her account, has run into a bit of rough water. She says: 'Were it not racist, I would describe the venture so far as a real-life Irish joke.' This seems a shifty, hypocritical way of making anti-Irish remarks, compounded by the reference later in the piece to 'the problem of loading drunken day-trippers (a consideration the Irish should surely have taken into account).'

I do not think that the NEW STATESMAN would tolerate or print remarks like this, which play on stereotypes about particular nationalities, if they were directed at West Indians and Asians.

PAUL McQUAIL

158 Peckham Rye
London SE22

Sir, While one has every sympathy with Ruth Hall arriving in France so late on the first day of the Seajet's commercial service between Brighton and Dieppe, due mainly to industrial action by the French seamen's union, even her unfortunate experience would fall within limits which airline passengers appear to accept under the bland explanation of 'operational reasons'. In fact, on the day she filed her copy, *Normandy Princess* completed her first 50 passenger crossings of the Channel in ten days, without missing a flight, nearly all within minutes of the advertised times of arrival and departure – a record which could stand comparison with flying between London and Paris. This was achieved in atrocious weather conditions, with an unprecedented incidence of strong to gale north-westerly winds for the time of year.

The crossing times from breakwater to breakwater have been consistently inside the 100 minutes advertised. The time taken entering and leaving harbour varies between four and eight minutes depending on the state of the tide and the amount of other traffic. In no case has it taken 15 minutes as Ruth Hall asserts. The time lost on each voyage has usually been made up by a smart turn-round. Fortunately your damaging allegation that there are regularly cumulative delays building up to three hours at the end of the day is quite untrue, as the thousands of passengers who have already crossed the channel in *Normandy Princess* will testify.

Finally, the service is not run by a bunch of Irish amateurs, but by experienced professionals recruited from other cross-Channel ferry services.

J. O. COOTE

Seajet
18 Westminster Palace Gardens
London SW1

Below the belt

Sir, Re John Morrison's testy letter (NS 11 May) about my poem 'The Big Fight': I had in mind the boxing match as an image of dying – another big fight we all have to face. Consequently, the images are ominously proleptic: his face is 'embalmed', his hands 'mummified', he has been examined by a doctor and expects pain. Dying, we see ourselves alter radically; we fight with a body at once like and unlike us – hence the opponent is an 'unfamiliar image'. Similarly, the Last Supper suggests its aftermath – the death of Christ and his victorious ascension into heaven (the latter being problematic for mere mortals: 'Will his heavy hand lighten/and suddenly float to heaven/like a balloon?'). Finally, the boxer, like the dying man, has no alternative but to go through with the ordeal, however much he'd prefer to imagine himself back to childhood with its images of health and growth.

All this seems over-plain to me, but the next time I publish a poem, I'll send Mr Morrison a copy with the important words italicised.

CRAIG RAINE

31 Alma Place
Oxford

Soppy guff

Sir, 'She owns a bruised, wise face (cast in the mould of Glenda Jackson's), and she played Connie with a wry impassiveness, lit up by a rare, breaking smile. "Y'ought to come out with me one evening and see the other side," cheeked Frank; "One side's enough," she replied, and her flat, sharp, sweet-and-sour delivery of this ordinary line seemed to contain her whole parched life.'

In the words of your TV critic (about another critic), 'the author of this soppy guff is not, as you might suspect, a damp-eyed pensioner with no formal education, or even Beverley Nichols, but' – Julian Barnes, your TV critic aforesaid, in the very same piece.

ROY FULLER

37 Langton Way
London SE3

Compulsory democracy

Sir, If David Caute (NS 27 April) believes that a vital ingredient of any free election is the right to stay away from the polling stations, one wonders what he would make of Australia.

Or perhaps it is only *de facto* compulsory voting that he finds undemocratic.

PETER ASHMAN

8 Simpson Street
London SW11

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FIRST PERSON
Arthur Marshall

Top of the heap

I am not, I do hope, one to leave a job half done and as I seem to have appointed myself unofficial relayer of Skylab information brought to me from its country of origin, I hasten yet again to pass on, supplied by an outstandingly kind and public-spirited correspondent from across the pond (for youthful readers, old-fashioned word for the Atlantic), the latest titbits, if such they may be called, of news. It must have become plain from this weekly column that there are a number of life's blessings that I do not possess and prominent among them is any sort of scientific understanding and so my approach to Skylab (the size of a three-room house and weighing 80 tons) and its vagaries is that of one who is what I suppose I must now call, lest I be accused of male chauvinism, the person in the street.

Well now, what's new? Of the, at a rough estimate, 500 pieces of giant Meccano that are going to come showering down, some sections may weigh two tons, daunting tidings for greenhouses. Skylab was originally intended to stay up more or less for ever and anyhow until 1983 when it was hoped that the new Space Shuttle (a sort of frog's-wooing pick-aback craft perched on a jumbo jet) could shove it up a bit higher in the sky or, as we in the know have it, 'reboost' it. All these plans, however, have been ruined by the unexpected proliferation of sunspots (double the amount forecast, like railway fares) and these sunspots cause, please don't ask me how, 'drag' in the upper atmosphere and bring down more quickly than scheduled any objects that chance to be floating about. So, as sunspots are no affair of ours, the whole fault is, it seems, God's, a being so much to blame in this and almost any other direction that you care to look. If ever I saw a supreme muddler, it is Him.

Never mind, and cheer up. Every year, I am told, though how they know the fact beats me, an average of four thousand meteorites, some of them really quite lumpy, fall from space and in the last 200 years there have only been seven recorded injuries and no deaths. And how jolly that the American Skylab authorities responsible are keeping the stiffest of upper lips. Referring to the imminent rainfall of metallic débris (the technical term here is 'random re-orbit'), 'the odds of hitting anyone are just awfully remote,' they say, though they instantly take the bloom off this comforting reassurance by adding a statement to the following effect: 'If you were to drop a safe from a tall building in New York City at high noon on a main street, you could have a problem. But you'd have no *certainty* of hitting anyone.' Er, no. Oh good. I wonder what Freudian impulse chose the word 'safe' as the heavy object to be dropped.

How pleasant now to be able to say a congratulatory word about the past activities of a discredited public figure. Although the extremely expensive landing on the moon (admittedly the excitement of the century) revealed the fact that our celestial satellite was, as one would have guessed, just a sizeable hunk of uninteresting and useless matter, a night-time nothing, this did not discourage determined scientists from dreaming up much more elaborate and costly space trips. Unfortunately, it is not only space fiction's pages that are full of 'mad' scientists. Only one person in authority seems to have been appalled by the wildly extravagant budgets for these self-indulgent goings-on and in 1973 President Nixon, who had already in his first term insisted on economies, laid about him with an axe and chopped off all but one of the scientific 'wish list' of proposed items in this field. Then came the unfortunate mishap and into the White House strode burly Gerald Ford, Jerry to chums, flanked by his considerable wife, Betty Bloomer Ford.

Those readers who may have been wondering in an idle moment what it can be like to be a President's wife and First Lady can now satisfy their curiosity. Mrs Ford, settling for 'the light-hearted approach to autobiography', has now decided, in *The Times of My Life* (W. H. Allen, £6.95) to tell all, and a weird all it is. Blithely confessing that 'I first thought of calling this book *Whoops!*' and that she was wishful 'to get some sex into it, so that it would outsell Jerry's,' her political elevation was foreseen long ago by a fortune-teller ('she read tea leaves') who told her that she would one day be meeting kings and queens. And how agreeable a life, you wonder, was it way up there? 'I loved it. I loved it when we'd ride down the streets in a motorcade and people would yell "Hi Betty" or "Hi, First Momma".' A pleasing informality surrounded Mr Ford too. 'There were times when he had to be Mr President, when protocol demanded it, but if you yelled "Hi Jerry" at him, he'd "Hi" you right back.' There now! Could anything possibly be more splendidly democratic and friendly?

Educated at Central High in Grand Rapids and surrounded by the embarrassments that Americans are too nice to notice ('My sorority was Gamma Delta Tau but we were called The Good Cheers'), Betty Bloomer's prettiness secured her many a 'fraternity pin' from a besotted fellow student. She pressed on to, as she hoped, a dancing career under the wing of Martha Graham but which gave way to an unsuccessful first marriage to an executive of the Widdicomb Furniture Company. And then along came Jerry, product of the founder of the Ford Paint and Varnish Company, 'a football hero at South High', handsome and unattached and, as far as she was concerned and in comparison with her other beaux, 'the top of the heap', a phrase which sounds better in America than in this country. She deserted her post at Herpolsheimer's Department Store to marry him (sapphire blue satin dress), and he won in 1948 his seat in the House of Representatives and they came to Washington for two years and stayed for 28. A social upbringing in Grand Rapids evidently didn't provide all one needed to know about etiquette. 'I bought my first book on whether to wear gloves to a tea, and whether you take off one glove when going through a receiving line (you have to take off both gloves)'. A backward look at President Truman makes you realise that he was 'a gutsy little guy' and Mrs Truman too notches up a good mark ('She wasn't a public woman, but she was a lovely woman') for rising triumphantly above little set-backs in the home ('She couldn't entertain at the White House because one day Margaret's piano had gone right through the floor'). The Eisenhowers were splendid also ('Mamie was very friendly, very big on teas') and though when the children came along there wasn't much time for relaxation ('If I had a quiet hour, I dived into a historical novel'), one could occasionally indulge in a *pensée* ('Struggle is educational').

And so into the hot seat went Jerry, unelected and there for the simple reason that in the post-Agnew period, Mr Nixon opted for 'a Mister Clean' as a Vice President who then, in sad circumstances, became President. He emerges from his wife's ebullient pages as a thoroughly pleasant man — wandering about in the early hours in baby-blue short pyjamas, pedalling away on his exercise bike, pardoning (rather too soon for some) Mr Nixon, democratically comparing golf scores with the butler and keeping calm (critics would supply a different adjective) under very difficult circumstances, not the least of which was his wife's temporary 'problem' (Mrs Ford courageously confesses to, on occasion, having tip-toed to the sideboard more often than was advisable). He was, too, big on prayer. 'I am acutely aware that you have not elected me as your President by your ballots,' he said at his Inaugural Address, 'so I ask you to confirm me as your President with your prayers.' And he meant it.

Banners saying, and they meant it too, 'WE LOVE YOU BETTY' hung from the White House on her return from the traumatic experience of a mastectomy. She was inundated with well-meaning but cranky suggestions for permanent cancer cures — eat plenty of asparagus, stand with your hands on your hips while wearing a compress made of rhubarb leaves, drink carrot and apple juice while massaging your insteps. About all this and her illness she manages to remain entirely cheerful and forward-looking. Gutsy too, you see.

Roger Woddis

The senator's prayer

Bless our hawks, O Lord, we pray,
Lest we sign our arms away;
Let our ironware increase,
Guard us from the threat of peace.
Give us strength to call a halt.
Season not our tears with salt;
Though the Treaty ink has dried,
Let it not be ratified.

Let salvation still be found
In a silo underground;
Keep the missiles we possess
Programmed and in readiness
Let all talk of mutual trust
Crumble to atomic dust,
And the course of world affairs
Boost our military shares.

Save our souls, or, if you like,
Send us a pre-emptive strike;
Let not radicals destroy
Half the weapons we deploy.
Lead us not towards detente,
One last blessing you can grant:
If you are the Power above,
Shoot down, Lord, that goddam dove.

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BOOKS IN GENERAL

Peter Conrad

A Lifelong Affair

Oscar Wilde: Interviews and Recollection edited by E. H. Mikhail *Macmillan* 2 vols £12 each

Wilde belongs equally to the history of literature and to that of advertising, and it is the impudent, unscrupulous self-publicist who is commemorated in these volumes. E. H. Mikhail conceives of Wilde's life as a protracted talk-show, and in his introduction foolishly avows that Wilde's comedies 'have what merit they possess from being now an imitation, now a record, of his talk'. The remark is stupid and demeaning. *The Importance of Being Earnest* is more than aphoristic chitchat: it abstracts conversation into the nonsensical, autonomous lyricism of what Auden called a 'verbal opera'. No one, not even Wilde, ever talked like this. Irene Vanbrugh, the first Gwendolen, testifies in one of the extracts included by Mr Mikhail that she found the lines difficult to utter because of their coolly inhuman perfection, their angelic lucidity.

Mr Mikhail is wrong to present Wilde as a manufacturer of glib and showy one-liners. Wilde considered conversation to be a meditative profession. The dandy's sainted, hermetic indolence recoils from action but delights in speculative, reflective conversation. Henry James derived from this disparity between doing and talking a law of fictional form. Conversation in his later novels is not the prosecution of action but an art of psychological interrogation, devoted to the clarification of motive and the purgation of language. It is conversation tending towards silence, because it records (as Virginia Woolf wished to do) the 'things people don't say'. Wilde emphasised the same contrariety, claiming that 'it is more important to be somebody than to do something'. Action is self-wasting, a dispersal of vital energies; talk is self-creation, the celebration of one's own proudly otiose perfection. Wilde's talk was the opposite of garrulous and sociable. The epigram suited him because of its finality: it silenced opposition, and eased his return to that condition of austere, self-admiring introversion which he believed to be 'the highest end that man can attain below'. He described *The Picture of Dorian Gray* as 'rather like my own life' because it was 'all conversation and no action', and congratulated himself on the uneventfulness of his plays:

> I wrote the first act of *A Woman of No Importance* in answer to the critics who said that *Lady Windermere's Fan* lacked action. In the act in question, there was absolutely no action at all. It was a perfect act.

As Wilde said, to fall in love with yourself is to inaugurate a life-long affair. Vanity is the dandy's ingrowing version of spirituality, and his conversation is therefore not witty banter but the promulgation of his penitential rules of life. The contributors to Mikhail's volumes are either shocked or amused to find Wilde lamenting that he was unable to live up to his blue china, but beneath his self-mocking fatuity he meant what he said. The life of sensation was not flippant and facile but a matter of conscientious moral effort. Hedonism for Wilde wasn't agreeable dissipation but an abstinent martyrdom.

Many of the recollections in Mikhail's volumes deride Wilde as a vulgar huckster. The journalist R. H. Sherard, for instance, describes him despatching copies of his poems, with flattering letters attached, to the literary lions of Paris. But examined more carefully, Wilde's infatuation with publicity is subtly self-revealing. At Oxford he pledged that he'd become famous, 'and if not famous, I'll be notorious'. After his fall, he flaunted his two rings as emblems of celebrity and notoriety: one ring, he believed, had sponsored his years of happiness, the other presided over his current misery. 'Unlike most people', he told Stuart Merrill, 'I have never mixed my shares of fortune and misfortune. For a long time I was the happiest of men, now I well deserve to be the most unhappy.' Wilde relished both conditions, and believed them to be complementary. Self-love made him luxuriate in his fame, but the self-loathing which secretly underlay his narcissism made him acquiesce in his disgrace and (as Richard Le Gallienne guesses) enjoy his tragedy.

His appetite for publicity was throughout his life a reflex of self-contempt. In marketing himself he was traducing himself. He toured America in competition with Gilbert's parody of him: D'Oyly Carte, who was producing *Patience* in New York, hired him as the operetta's trade-mark, and Wilde was ignominiously obliged to playact the original of Gilbert's Bunthorne. The Comtesse de Brémont went to meet him in New York only because she was curious to see 'the object of the numerous poster-caricatures that placarded . . . the streets'. On the train to Sacramento, Wilde was supplanted by a parodic lookalike: a comedian from the opera troupe 'several times put on his "Bunthorne" wig, contorted his features into an admirable resemblance of the ever-dwelling smile on Oscar's countenance', and exhibited himself to the population. Lecturing at Harvard, Wilde was confronted by 60 velveteen clones, 'all wearing knee-breeches and black silk stockings, and each with a huge sunflower in his button-hole'. Fame means appropriation by others: in becoming a cult figure, Wilde was permitting himself to be mimicked, duplicated, existentially cheapened. The self-advertiser, corrosively aware of his own inauthenticity, can only make himself feel real if he can incite others to hate him. Thus Wilde confided at the end of his life that his greatest pleasure had been in making enemies.

Advertising himself, Wilde was also fictionalising himself, passing himself off as a copy of Gilbert's parody of him. His antics symbolise the change from character to personality, from a self defined by moral and emotional integrity to a self invented for purposes of display. Wilde's critics were disturbed by him because he was a poseur, decadent because unreal. The Marquis of Queensberry's missive paid him the ultimate compliment by treating even his sexuality as an affectation: it was addressed to Oscar Wilde, 'posing as a sodomite'.

Because the dandy converts himself into a vacuous, superfluous image, he is what he wears. Baudelaire prescribed for the dandy a variant of Hamlet's inky cloak – a uniform of monastic morbidity. Wilde's costumes were less rigorous. On his American tour he adorned himself in fur, silk and velvet, like a plush pre-Raphaelite painting. Because the young Wilde hoped to reform society by altering its dress, the early commentators in these volumes concentrate on his wardrobe. Later, the emphasis shifts to his physical features, and the reminiscences assemble to a grotesque anatomy of the dandy. Wilde's body was his handicap. Instead of a 'slim gilt soul', he was bulbous, gross and fleshy, an 'immense owl' in Ford Madox Ford's phrase. His detractors allegorised his face, making it, like Dorian's portrait, a diagram of sensual degeneracy. His sagging chin, Louise Jopling says, betrayed his weakness. A. Hamilton Grant says he had a rabbit's greedy mouth, and Coulson Kernahan was disgusted by his pursy lips, 'which did not close naturally, but in a hard, indrawn and archless line'. Gustave le Rouge comments that the gold-capped teeth lurking inside those vaginal lips 'gave him a vague resemblance to an idol'. William Rothenstein notices his 'fat and useless looking' hands. Lillie Langtry his scabrous finger nails. Richard Le Gallienne denounces his thin, lank, amber-coloured hair. Lady Colin Campbell sums him up with a shudder as a 'great white caterpillar', and Shaw explains his moral lapses as pathological casualties of his acromegaliac gigantism.

Wilde's ugliness, like his publicity-seeking, confirms his self-loathing. Unable to be a saviour, he made himself a buffoon ('Half the world', he regretted, 'doesn't believe in God, and the other half doesn't believe in me'); unable to be beautiful, he made himself a monster. He disliked Gide's lips, which were straight 'like those of someone who has never lied', and promised to teach Gide dishonesty so that his mouth would twist into the sinister likeness of an antique mask. Irene Vanbrugh remembers that Wilde's own mouth was 'rather badly shaped', and that in conversation he concealed it with his hands – like Dorian hiding the evidence of physiognomic deformity which impugns him.

For Baudelaire, the dandy is Hamlet, morosely cerebral. For Wilde, however, the dandy is an avatar of Falstaff, corpulent, indolent, unabashed. Though Wilde and his wife, promenading through Chelsea in their aesthetic attire, were mocked by urchins as "Amlet and Ophelia out for a walk', Wilde disparaged the tragic hero, calling his pessimism a self-pitying fiction: 'The world has become sad because a puppet was once melancholy.' His own posture was that of the comic hero, idyllically lazy ('I *never* walk', he declared, summoning a hansom to transport him a couple of blocks) and luxuriously improvident. He once accepted £100 as an advance on a play he never wrote. Taxed by his patron, he claimed that the play was already composed in his head but that he couldn't bestir himself to transcribe it with pen and ink. Like Falstaff with Master Shallow, he acknowledged 'I owe you a hundred pounds'. The actor-manager,

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embarrassed, insisted, 'Oh, don't worry about that!' Wilde replied, 'I don't!'

Wilde's downfall, like Falstaff's, was the result of truculence, a comic brinkmanship which persuaded him to bluff his way through the trial rather than absconding on Frank Harris's yacht, and even to twit Carson during his cross-examination. Released from prison, he declined into a decrepit, alcoholic Falstaff, cadging from Nellie Melba on a Paris street and peddling over and over again a scenario for a play which eventually had to be written by Frank Harris.

The man was a serious joke, and it's his seriousness which Mr Mikhail's gossipy compilation slights.

Russell Davies

As Good As a Wink?

Gestures by DESMOND MORRIS, PETER COLLETT, PETER MARSH and MARIE O'SHAUGHNESSY *Cape* £6.95

First waving hello, and then, as you approach, bowing low with a complicated flourish, I welcome you to this article. As I rise from my posture of symbolic obeisance, kissing my fingertips in extravagant acknowledgment of your immaculate turn-out, I catch sight of you tapping your nose to your companion, who replies by delicately flicking his earlobe from behind. I try to resist interpreting these signals too eagerly, but cannot avoid the conclusion that you feel a) 'We've got a right one here', and b) 'He's a poof'. 'Welcome', I manage to say; but as I have both hands behind my back, one with fingers crossed, the other making a horn sign with first and fourth fingers extended, I obviously don't mean it – indeed, I am putting a curse on you, if you don't carry one with you already. Sensing all this, you flick forwards under your chin with the back of your hand: I perceive you are unimpressed, and possibly even bored, by my digital insurance against ill-fortune. By now, however, you have thoroughly riled me – besides, you seem to be foreigners of some kind – so I give you the good old (older than we thought) British V-sign, whose rancid obscenity will be lost on continentals like you, won't it? Unfortunately not: you have been here before. Popping with bile, you screw your finger ferociously into your temple, in a motion I recognise (though do not much fear) as an imputation of lunacy; while, with a mighty slap of palm against bicep, your friend roars malevolently into the stiff-forearm jerk. (Your friend has a better idea of the international currency of insults.) We are still gesticulating furiously in these several fashions when we are run in by the British, German and Maltese police respectively.

The end of this little demonstration episode is scarcely an exaggeration. A British policeman today would perhaps need to be treated to a pretty insistently jouncing forkfinger before he considered making an arrest; but the compilers of this new book on gestures were certainly warned against performing the forearm jerk – even by way of illustration – on the streets of Malta. And oddest among their discoveries are recent records of motorists in Germany who have been prosecuted for making the temple-screw 'crazy' gesture at fellow-drivers. This familiar and, to us, innocuous movement is apparently so risqué among the Germans that they have had to devise a toned-down version, in which the screwing finger is pressed, more ambiguously, into the cheek.

Given that a puzzling gesture can be so easily born of the prohibition of an understandable one, we can see there is little hope of tracing the more obscure of our visual aids to conversation back along the crooked route to their ancient sources. Yet speculation of precisely this kind makes up the most interesting portions of this treatise by Morris *et al*. This book is primarily a statistical survey, mapping the relative prevalence of gestures – subdivided again according to differences of interpretation – in Western Europe and North Africa; but the simplest cases, statistically, seem to be the least fathomable in historical and linguistic terms. Thumbing the nose is an almost universally recognised expression of mockery and derision, but it is desperately difficult to say why. The descriptive phrases in which the English language has sought to define the act – well over a dozen of them, from 'to pull bacon' to 'the Shanghai gesture' – have confused the issue wonderfully. I like the ingenuity of the explanation that sees the fanning fingers in front of the nose as 'a threatening cock's comb', particularly bearing in mind that it is traditional to stick the tongue out (an imitation beak?) and no less appropriate, either, to caper about in fowl-like fashion at the same time. But the explanation that appeals is, I'm afraid, the one that almost automatically disqualifies itself; at this late stage in social development, what one *feels* one is doing with one's fingers may have dangerously little to do with the original intention behind the gestural picture.

Our V-sign is a case in point. If you used it – you don't of course – what would you mean by it? Would you regard yourself as holding aloft a symbol? Of splayed legs, say, or horns again? Or would your gesture be of the stiff-fingered jabbing type that seems to mime a painful invasion of digits up nostrils? Personally, I have always felt (and gently waving hands from football terraces seem to support me in this) that the most insulting form of V-sign is the limper kind, in which the fingers remain relaxed and slightly bent and the hand is waved rather floppily from the wrist with the rest of the arm uninvolved. I see this as a symbolic cradling of the opposition's gonads (a ritual humiliation designed no doubt to delay, and thus to herald, the inevitable act of castration or boot-insertion). I am probably wrong about this; but at least I am not as clueless as Mrs Thatcher, who appears here in a photo taken (pre-Saatchi, I'm sure) after one of her inexplicable triumphs at the polls. Veeing away for all she is worth, she not only has the sign arsy-versy but produces such a gawky version of it that it's hard to imagine she could have produced any reaction but embarrassment even if she'd got it the right way round. Two more of the book's most amusing illustrations, incidentally, concern the virulent V. One, taken in a formica-and-neon eaterie, shows a bearded male of vaguely Caledonian aspect whose young lady is unsuccessfully restraining him from giving the fingers to the camera. The other purports to be the earliest known photo of the gesture; a football crowd in 1913, all caps and moustaches and black suits, against which background is prominently profiled one solitary, pale, shaky (bent-fingered) but unmistakable Harvey Smith.

This, then, is a very useful start in a difficult field of research. Just one or two things worry me: there is a lot of head-scratching, for example, over the rival meanings of the 'ring' gesture – thumb and first finger forming an O, meaning either 'lovely, good' or 'zero'. Surely the point about this supposed clash is that there are two gestures involved here – one consciously forming a ring, meaning figure O, and the other tightly conjoining the thumb and finger, to signify precision, a tight fit, exactitude, the desired effect. The latter gesture forms the O only by accident. An illustration in the relevant chapter seems to be drawing the distinction, but the text in this instance witters rather obtusely round the question. I also find it hard to believe that the horizontal prodding horn sign (first finger, little finger) was thought of as a protection against evil eye by only 86 users out of 542. But it is hard to argue against diligent research. I shall settle instead for a discreet thumbs up.

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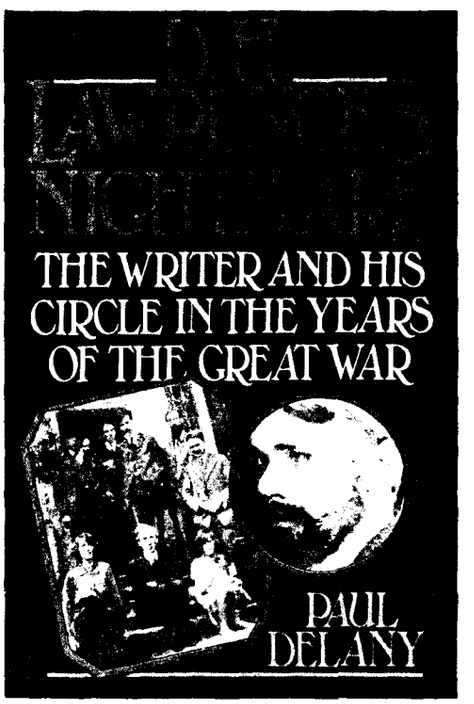

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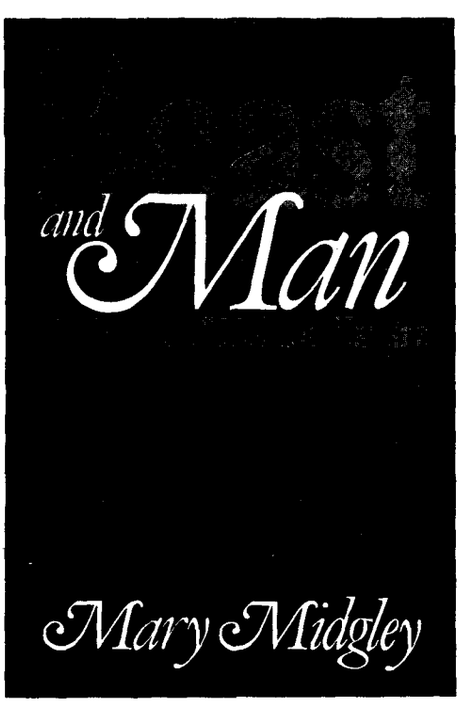

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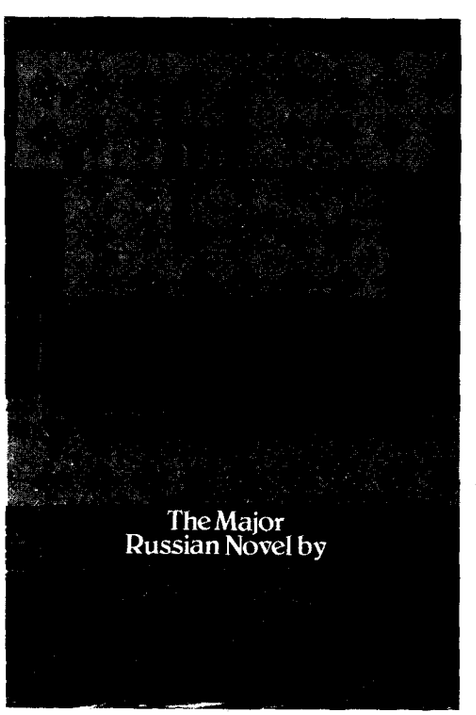

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John Keegan

Cannon Law

Siege Warfare: The Fortress in the Early Modern World, 1494-1660 by CHRISTOPHER DUFFY *Routledge* £9.95

In 1494 events of literally earth-shaking importance occurred in northern Italy. Charles VIII of France appeared in the plain of the Po, bent on making good his claim to the throne of Naples and bringing with him a train of artillery. Little in this might appear new. Italy had been invaded often before and artillery was common in the peninsula. Charles's guns were, however, revolutionary: cast of bronze in a single piece with integral trunnions (the projections by which the barrel is supported in the carriage), they were light yet hard-hitting and easily transportable on their own wheels. With 40 of these weapons, the French king moved against the cities of Naples' allies, Florence and the Papal States, which barred his way southward. News of the speed with which he took the first Florentine fortress, Fivizzano, frightened the reigning Medici into surrender, and his capitulation prompted the Pope's. Arrived at the Neapolitan frontier itself, Charles took only eight hours to breach the walls of Monte San Giovanni, which had previously withstood an old-fashioned siege of seven years. In February 1495, three months after he had crossed the Alps, he rode as a conqueror into Naples.

The secret of his success lay in the effect that his guns had had against the walls of the mediaeval fortresses. Designed to stand taller than any scaling ladder a besieger could carry against them, they had little thickness. A well-placed series of shots into the base brought whole lengths tumbling down into the ditch outside, simultaneously opening the door to the interior and providing a bridge up to it. In a single campaign, the French had rendered obsolete every castle in western Europe, and in so doing transformed not only the military but also the political future of the continent. Previously a strong man who kept his court could cock a snook at a soi-disant sovereign whenever he chose to pull up his drawbridge, for starvation offered the only sure way of bringing a castle to submit, and its food usually lasted longer than the health of the besieging army or domestic peace in another quarter of the kingdom. Mobile cannon, which only a sovereign was rich enough to afford, took the option of dissent away from the castellans. It was not a message which they got at once. France was to be racked by internal war well into the 17th century. But its logic was inexorable and, by the mid-1600s, the central power of the state in France and England was established for good.

Other lands, with unhomogeneous populations or without natural frontiers, were fated by the same logic to become the campaigning grounds of the artillery kings. Unless, that is, they were rich themselves disproportionately to the size of population. And a few were, particularly in northern Italy where the artillery revolution had begun. Their populations, moreover, were abnormally imaginative and their best minds hit almost instantly upon an answer to the new guns. Instead of standing tall, fortifications were to lie low, almost beneath the surface of the encircling countryside, which was to be worked into a geometric pattern of slopes and ditches offering no cover either to a besieger's guns or infantry. Attack would be made as costly in lives as it had formerly been of time and so ensure a city's security by deterring any thought of assault on it from the outset. Venice and Florence in southern Europe, later Holland in the north, poured out fortunes to buy this security. And very good value it proved. The survival of Venetian independence to 1798 and of Holland's to this day owes as much to the engineering genius of Sanmicheli and Coehoorn as to the enterprise of their merchants and sea-captains.

Better-known names than these tussled with the delicious complexities of glacis, ravelin and tenaille. Dürer wrote the first printed fortification manual and Michelangelo, who worked on the Florentine defences, was proud to declare,

> I don't know much about painting and sculpture but I have gained a great experience of fortifications and I have already proved that I know more about them than the whole tribe of the Sangallos.

There his pique got the better of his sense. No Sangallo could have painted the Sistine chapel. But, by devoting themselves full time to their lesser art, the Sangallos, together with a number of other 'fortification families', the Savorgnanos, Peruzzis, Gengas and Marinis, easily outstripped him in the international market for engineering brains, and created works as large-scale and enduring as his, in their different way, all over Europe and its sphere of influence. Italian and later Dutch engineers carried their skills as far as Moscow in the North (the Kremlin is a copy of the Sforza castle in Milan) and Colombo in the south. Nearer home they covered every strategic crossing place on the river lines and mountain passes of the Low Countries, Alps, Pyrenees, Baltic coast and north Balkans with varieties of the 'bastion trace', solidifying emergent national frontiers and predetermining the zones in which European warfare would be conducted for the next 300 years.

Christopher Duffy, who makes his encyclopaedic knowledge of the European fortress system available to his pupils at Sandhurst, has visited almost every one of these places during the last 20 years. And, in the intervals between campaigning seasons, he has laboured long and hard in the enormous literature the subject threw up during the centuries when 'the attack and defence of fortresses' was synonymous with the military art. The result is a book – beautifully written and magnificently organised – of the greatest importance for our understanding not only of European military affairs from the 15th to the 17th century but also of its national and international history. The notable resistance of general historians to the study of military history derives principally from the essentially ephemeral nature of its traditional raw material – the events of battles and campaigns. Dr Duffy's anchoring of the study to a literally concrete base at last provides generalists and specialists alike with a firm platform on which to found a major reconsideration of the interconnections between civil and military life in the early modern period.

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James Fenton

Nope

Christopher Isherwood: A Critical Biography
by BRIAN FINNEY *Faber* £8.50

There is no point in simply retelling Isherwood's life story. Isherwood has done it extremely well, and goes on doing so. That is what he is famous for. A critical biographer must find some way of making his account indispensable, in the face of such brilliant competition from the hero himself.

How to achieve this? One way would be to pay attention to what is going on around the author in question, so that places, people and historical events do not appear as if through some inept, Hollywood-style back projection. When Isherwood goes to Berlin, by all means let us hear something about this Berlin. Let us see Berlin first. Let us observe it a moment for its own sake, before the stage becomes crowded out with Englishmen. But Mr Finney is not interested in Berlin or its history, which comes out like this:

> Brüning's death spelt doom for German social democracy and the domination of the centrist coalition. That July the Darmstädter and Nationbank failed and Isherwood wrote to his agent that a revolution was imminent. In September Britain abandoned the Gold Standard, the pound was devalued (much to his discomfort) and German unemployment topped four million.

The trouble with this kind of summary is that, if you know what Mr Finney is talking about, you won't want to read it. Whereas if you do not know what he is talking about, you will not even be quite certain whether or not Brüning's death spelt doom both for German social democracy and for the domination of the centrist coalition. Note the pound being devalued much to his discomfort. Faber editors once again asleep on the job.

It appears both from the text and from the bibliography that Mr Finney has avoided the task of reading up anything at all about Germany. I should have thought this was a limitation, although not perhaps a fatal one, since there remains the opportunity for a splendid set piece on war-time Hollywood and the exile milieu. Alas, however, the splendid set-piece fails to materialise. Never mind, there is no end to the individual portraits that Mr Finney could offer – Edward Upward, E. M. Forster, W. H. Auden, J. R. Ackerley, Aldous Huxley, Gerald Heard – all of them important figures in Isherwood's life. But not in this book. Not enough to rate a really lively portrait – just as the original of Sally Bowles gets little more than a paragraph.

And then, when we come to Isherwood's own productions, the author shows us them, only to snatch them away before our eyes.

> His only work to be published that year consisted of 'pot-boiler' article on 'The Youth Movement in Germany' for *Action*, Mosley's short-lived periodical edited by Harold Nicolson, which he had already disparagingly labelled 'The rankest John Bull stuff'.

One moment please, Mr Finney, can we have a look at this article? Can we be told what Isherwood was up to, and what he found to say about the Youth Movement in Germany? Or is it all a little too embarrassing? One might indeed suspect that the author is being protective towards his subject, were it not that he also mentions that J. R. Ackerley thought Isherwood the most consistently brilliant of the *Listener* reviewers. But are we allowed even one extract from these 40-odd reviews? Are we allowed to know what sort of thing Isherwood was reviewing? No sir, I'm afraid we are not.

Well, the *Listener* reviews were anonymous, so unless the biographer does some work on our behalf, we really are somewhat stuck. But surely there is a statute of limitations on that anonymity, just as, surely, the *Spectator* have a record of the author of the 'particularly nasty anonymous epigram' which appeared in 1940, called 'To Certain Intellectuals Safe in America'. And if it really was particularly nasty, perhaps we might be allowed to read it? And see a little more of Forster's reply? The answer always is Mr Finney's perfectly astonishing 'Nope'.

Indeed, one can hardly avoid the impression that, having been given carte blanche by Isherwood to look at correspondence and interview friends, and having obviously seen some fascinating stuff, Mr Finney slipped into the habit of protecting his discoveries from prying academic eyes. This is a dull book, and sometimes inexcusably so. It seems typical of its wonky priority that it should tell us, after keeping us in suspense about so much else, the date of the telephone conversation in which Sir William Empson told the author that Isherwood had hardly made any impression on him in the Far East. It was 7 January 1977. Worth knowing?

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A. S. Byatt

The Greedy Reader

The Myth Makers by V. S. PRITCHETT *Chatto* £5.95

In his introduction to *The Living Novel* V. S. Pritchett remarked on the contrary impulses of the novelist-as-critic. Anyone writing a novel does well, as he says, not to read too many other novels. George Eliot was capable of returning Trollope's latest offering to him unread, remarking that she could not read the work of living writers when engaged on a work of her own. At the same time, as Sir Victor points out in this book à propos of Chekhov, 'The mark of genius is an incessant activity of mind. Genius is a spiritual greed.' Good writers are greedy readers, and Sir Victor has, throughout his long career as a reviewer and critic, been able to find and describe accurately what he calls, in *The Living Novel*, 'the new point in life from which any given novel started.' He likes to take the great, the outstanding, the enduring book and isolate the qualities that make it so. If biography helps, he tells us what we need to know; if political or cultural history is more useful, we have that; if perfectly chosen examples of style and pace are required, he provides them. He is supremely tactful, and never superfluous.

The Myth Makers contains essays on European, Russian and South American novelists: the title comes from the essay on Gabriel Garcia Marquez, whose quality as a myth maker is succinctly defined as a capacity to depict

> the inordinate character – not necessarily a giant or saga-like hero, but someone who has exercised a right to extreme conduct or aberration. Such people fulfil a new country's need for legends. A human being is required to be a myth, his spiritual value lies in the inflating of his tale.

Pritchett's descriptions of Marquez's 'inordinate' tales *The Handsomest Drowned Man in the World*, *One Hundred Years of Solitude* and the recent comic and terrible *Autumn of the Patriarch*, show how farce, brilliant description, excess and wisdom go to create a sense of the whole life of an undefined culture and world. Other writers explicitly called 'myth makers' are Goncharov, whose Oblomov is obviously another inordinate and inflated being, and Solzhenitsyn, who, in different cultural circumstances from Marquez, haunted by the great myths of Marxism and Tolstoy, creates 'myths which contain his private thoughts, and that sense of being "elsewhere" when dogma becomes despotic.' This is the paradoxical freedom of the prisoners of the First Circle.

Two topics which seem to me to recur in Sir Victor's essays are his novelists' capacity to organise and describe facts and things on the one hand, and their interest in what he calls, speaking of Stendhal, the 'self-invention' of the characters (and indeed of the authors). In some of the earlier novels he treats, exactness and self-invention go easily together. He praises Henri Troyat's marvellous biography of Tolstoy for describing Tolstoy by his own method of accumulated detail, small, even contradictory gestures: he praises Perez Galdos because

> We are as sure of the likeness of each character as we are of the figures in a Dutch painting, and yet they are never set or frozen, they are always moving in space in a Tolstoyan fashion.

Pushkin is an exact man in control of his experience. Both Stendhal and Flaubert are seen as chemically or medically precise in their delineation of behaviour and things: but in Flaubert the documentary interest in *things* is also a concern with what they tell of the imagination. Things are corrupted or corrupting. He is tortured by the fact that the century has turned mind into matter, the ideal converted into ludicrous or detestable paraphernalia.

So Flaubert's 'inordinate' Madame Bovary is used partly by Sir Victor as evidence that idealism and the material world having moved apart, 'a whole century became adolescent.' Stendhal's self-invented romantic young men are presented, he says, in 'an ironical perspective which is not often noticeable in practitioners today.' His later myth makers, except maybe Marquez, have a very ambivalent relation with the Ideal. They celebrate bittiness, eccentricity, and privacy as an escape from Ideals they don't care for: Dostoievsky's outworn Christian Russia, the Marxist State and other orthodoxies. Sir Victor made me admire *Dr Zhivago* more than I had ever been able to do – partly by exhibiting that (as I suspected) I had read a purple and lurid translation – but partly by demonstrating that the novel was a myth of the survival of the incomplete gesture, the private. Pasternak 'conveys that cataclysms observably remove *meaning* from people's lives without leaving them futile.'

So too with *August 1914*, where Solzhenitsyn eschews the Tolstoyan panoramic vigour and depicts characters lost in mud and history and their lives in a way so bitty that the reader shares their disorientation. Kafka's style is a tortuous construction of 'self-irony, kindness, nimbleness, fantasy', not at home in the world of Jew, German, or Czech, but hoping that some private self can survive the censors, real and imagined, that the 'strategic considerations' of art make possible 'the exchange of truthful words from person to person.'

Sir Victor does not like Genet, the 'autodidact of the jails', another prisoner who sees his private self, called by Sir Victor 'his great vanity', as freedom. But 'inside his great vanity, a serious artist is clearly at grips with his conflicts' and Sartre's attempt to interpret Genet in political terms was probably misguided.

So we come to Borges, maker of myths of the gauchos, writer of conundrums, fables and conceits. Sir Victor discusses the story of 'Emma Zung', who avenges her dead father, in order to demonstrate and praise Borges's capacity 'to make an idea walk, place it in a street, a room . . . The poet is a master of the quotidian.' He analyses 'The Aleph' in which the philosopher's stone shows the narrator a terrible world of fact upon fact upon fact, stones, metals, cancers, tobacco, his mistress's letters; it seems that Borges's bookish world is Flaubert's fear of things and mechanical effects solidified.

As everywhere throughout *The Myth Makers*, Sir Victor has been decorously concerned to preserve a discourse which avoids the jargon (and habit of mind) of critical systems – structuralist, formalist, Marxist, psychoanalytic. He does not preach, but the message is clear. And he ends by claiming Borges as a myth maker of his kind, in company with Chekhov and Flaubert, and with a warning: 'The risk is – and there are some signs of this already – that criticism of Borges will become an accretion that will force us to see his stories as conceits alone.' Because this is indeed so, we need critics like Sir Victor.

A. N. Wilson

KINDLY LIGHT

The new comedy by the author of *The Sweets of Pimlico* (John Llewellyn Rhys Memorial Prize, 1978) and *Unguarded Hours* and a welcome reappearance of Norman Shotover who has drifted into the priesthood, as a member of the powerful Catholic Institute of Alphonso.

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W. J. F. Jenner

Bark-Peeling

Mao: The People's Emperor by DICK WILSON *Hutchinson* £9.95

Does Mao matter very much now? As with so much about him, there is no simple answer. He is inescapable, almost wherever one looks at China, and his shadow will lie over the rest of the century. His influence, ruthlessly and unceasingly enforced in his last ten or so years, and felt long before then, has sunk deep into people's awareness, even when they try to reject it. An ex-Maoist, like an ex-Catholic, never quite escapes. Whatever happens, Mao will remain the dominant figure in China between 1940 and 1980, and the game of reassessing him will be played for centuries. He may even be resuscitated if China's present rulers fail in the daunting, if not impossible, task of modernising the country by the end of the century, or in the more immediate one of making the people of China a little richer year by year.

At present, however, there appears to be general acceptance of the tactic of carefully trimming him down to human proportions by the use of qualified praise, combined with ferocious attacks in the media on many of the policies with which everyone knows he associated himself in his last 20 years, attacks in which his name is often carefully avoided, or else used to justify the reversal of line. But neither public press nor most private wallposters treat the Mao problem as the central one. In part this can be attributed to fear – too many people have been imprisoned, tortured and killed for unMaoist thought or expression in the recent past, and nobody knows when the political wind may change again. But this cannot be the whole explanation, because many signed articles are appearing that would have meant arrest and imprisonment in the past, and carry the risk of terrible retribution in the future. Another consideration may be that reformers do not want to jeopardise the chances of changing China by needlessly provoking retaliation through focusing the present discussion not on current problems but on a dead man. Instead of taking a chain-saw to the tree they are quietly peeling off the bark.

Now that the official media are becoming more and more brutally frank about the depth of China's crisis there can be no doubt that the tasks facing the country are, quite simply, appalling. Part of the implicit message is that Maoism has been tried out and has failed. It is now admitted that some villages are poorer than they were in 1949, that hunger stalks some parts of the countryside, that industry and commerce often fail to meet the basic needs of the people, that intellectual life has been terribly impoverished, and that in the name of the 'proletarian dictatorship' a cruel system of prisons and camps has inflicted infinite suffering on countless victims.

Somehow a way has to be found out of the morass without provoking chaotic upheavals that might drag China back into civil war. Mao has had his say, and it would do no harm if he were to lie quietly in his crystal sarcophagus or some other resting-place as a great figure of history. One way to ensure that he remains a historical personality would be to start publishing every recorded word he spoke or wrote, without any cosmetic editing. Or would that still be too dangerous?

It is unlikely that the writing of objective and critical biographies of the man will be possible in China for some decades. At present it is left to foreigners to do as best they can with limited evidence. Dick Wilson makes good use of what is available in English to put together a life with plenty of conversations and anecdotes. It does not go into issues deeply, and at many points in the story tendentious accounts are taken at face value. (For example, Malraux's version of his conversations with Mao in 1965 is probably imaginative and should at least be compared with the Chinese side's transcript, which gives a very different impression of the conversation.) But even if a little thin on Mao's political and military thoughts and his place in Chinese history, Wilson's book is strong on how all sorts of people reacted to him, and gives a good impression of his personality, coarse-grained and subtle; delighting in the conflict and disorder that stimulated him and in which he felt at home, populist but aloof and unapproachable, and in his last 20 years living more and more in a world of reports and fantasy, losing touch with the society he had done so much to change.

It is the Mao of the last two decades whose legacy to China is still such a powerful mixture of liberating and repressive elements. The Peking wallposters, even in their bowdlerised versions, are one side; the other side is economic disorder and the vast expansion of the labour camp system and the extensive use of fetters, shackles and chains in prisons. Beneath all this lies a fundamental weakness in Chinese culture of which Mao was only a symptom: what is it in China that makes authoritarianism a natural feature of central government, and seems to doom to failure the lonely voices that have called out over the decades for citizens' rights? The only reassuring thing about this question is that it keeps getting asked in China too.

R. W. Johnson

Quite White

Soul on Fire by ELDRIDGE CLEAVER *Hodder & Stoughton* £4.95

In November 1968 Eldridge Cleaver, the Minister of Information of the Black Panther Party, jumped bail in California and absconded to Cuba. Cleaver, who had expounded at length his stirringly militant Black Power beliefs in the best-selling *Soul on Ice*, was then at the height of his notoriety. It was the era of the police shoot-outs with the Panthers, and brother Eldridge was talking more or less openly of carrying the struggle into regularised urban guerrilla warfare. From exile he continued to hatch similar plans. From their training centre in Cuba the Panthers would launch an invasion of the US through Mexico, setting up guerrilla bases in the Rocky Mountain West, gradually expanding via the Alleghenies and Appalachians to the Blue Ridge Mountains . . .

For campus radicals the exciting thing about the Panthers was their gun-cult. But Cleaver had been wearing and using a pistol for years before that, and at 31 was the veteran of two reform schools and four jails. After a desperately underprivileged ghetto childhood – mainly one long, hideous and unsuccessful struggle to stop his father beating up his mother – he had gravitated to 'the rape routine in the motel circuit', the drugs racket and other forms of gangsterism.

He soon fell out with the Cubans – they didn't like Panther gun-toting and he condemned Castro's 'white racism'. He was shipped on to Algiers where the Panthers were accorded liberation movement status. From this base Cleaver travelled all over the Third and Communist worlds 'in free-flow control of my revolutionary destiny', as he puts it. From

George Malcolm Thomson

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Pyongyang he informed the Panthers that the true guide of the revolutionary struggle was 'none other than Comrade Kim Il Sung'.

Meanwhile friction developed between the Algerian government and the Algiers Panther community of 'hijackers, bank-robbers and revolutionary Communists'. Outside militant duty-hours, some of the Panthers were dating the girls from the US Embassy and managed to steal official visas and documents. With these Cleaver and his merry men went into a lucrative international racket in forged papers, branching out into currency fraud, drugs, and a stolen-car racket extending to Britain, Germany, Italy and Holland. The showdown with the Algerians came when Cleaver denounced Boumedienne for betraying the revolution after the Algiers government had refused to hand over to the Panthers $1.5 million extorted by a Panther plane-hijacker.

Cleaver, deciding to 'come out of the Third World and the Communist/Socialist world altogether', decamped to Paris where he lived illegally, his pleas for political asylum being taken up by Sartre, De Beauvoir and François Mitterrand. His problems were solved when a friend introduced him to Giscard d'Estaing, then Minister of Finance. Giscard, amazingly, got his then ally Chirac, the Minister of the Interior, to fiddle the papers, and brother Eldridge settled down in some comfort (a Paris flat and another on the Riviera) in time to watch his patron become President. But was our hero happy at last? No indeed: he got more and more homesick and fell into such misery that he saw a vision in which all his revolutionary heroes paraded before his eyes, with the figure of Jesus Christ bringing up the tail of the procession. 'That', he remarks, 'was the last straw.' To the amazement of the French he decided to surrender to the US authorities and go home to face jail.

Home he went, by now well on the way to being born again (he was seeing quite a lot more of Jesus). After only eight months in jail he was befriended by one Arthur De Moss, President of the National Liberty Corporation, who recognised Eldridge as his brother in Christ to the tune of putting up $100,000 in bail for him. (It is only thanks to Art's godly afterword to this volume that we learn that brother Eldridge is still facing a charge of assault with intent to kill.) By this stage Eldridge was deep into his born-again trip and found several new buddies-in-Christ, including Billy Graham and Chuck Colson, the Watergate star. Not surprisingly our tale ends with Eldridge running Eldridge Cleaver Crusades and re-emerging as a media performer with Bible in hand. Among those for whom he prays, he tells us, is Richard Nixon.

Arthur Marshall

Sudsy

Murder Off Miami by DENNIS WHEATLEY *Hutchinson/Webb & Bower* £7.95
Drink and Ink: Memoirs 1919-77 by DENNIS WHEATLEY *Hutchinson* £6.95

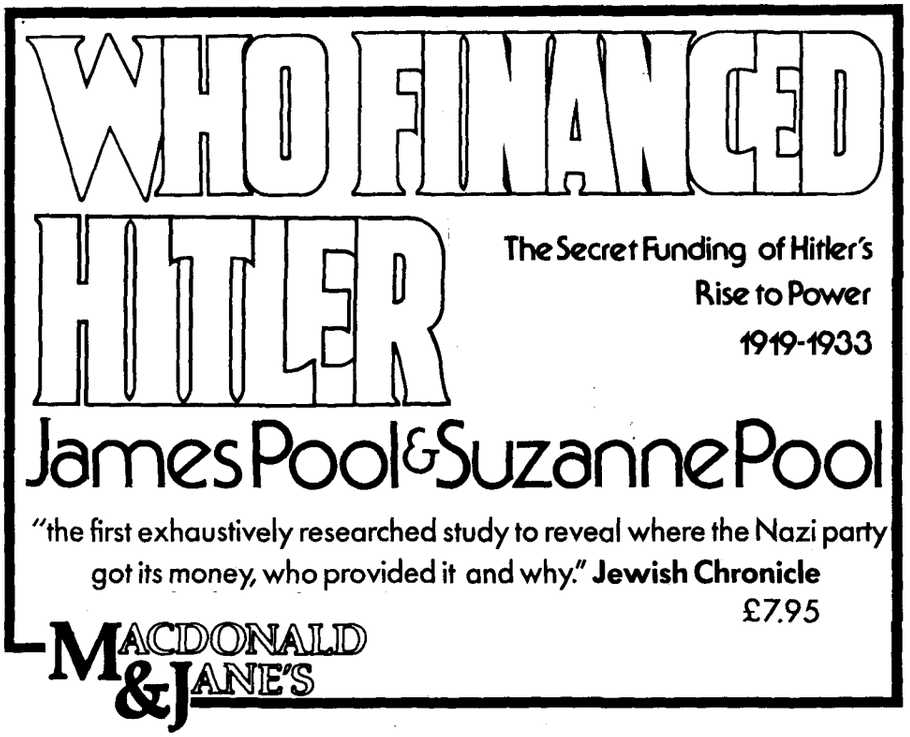
Now here's a novelty (reprinted from the original in 1936, when it cost 3/6) in the shape of your very own unsolved murder mystery for you to tackle by yourselves, complete with useful and revealing photographs together with actual physical clues daintily enclosed in cellophane packets – used matches, a piece of bloodstained curtain material and two different coloured twists of hair found in a comb (when one of them is described as being 'short, dark and curly', I rather feared we were in for a *crime passionel* of a sordid kind, if you follow me, but no: the hair comes safely from a head).

After *Murder on the Orient Express*, another killing in lush mobile circumstances comes as no surprise, and here we find ourselves cruising in a very plushy yacht, the property of a rich industrialist called Carlton Rocksavage (high up in the detergent world, you know, and going all out to corner both Glandol Soap and Argus Suds). To anybody familiar with fictional murders, the bizarre nature of the ill-assorted Rocksavage guests will seem perfectly normal: among them we find the vulgar Lady Welter (wealthy profiteer's widow), the inscrutable Japanese, Mr Hayashi (also involved in soap circles and given to saying 'I speak truthfully'), Count Luigi Posodini, who also travels as Count di Venuto ('Ben' to friends, one assumes), the Bishop of Bude (a snap shows as shifty and fishy a prelate as ever I did see), and Bolitho Blane, our victim, also big in soap and murdered in his cabin before Miami is even out of sight or the first Martinis are being lowered. You'll like to know the name of the cabin steward. Silas Ringbottom, on whom the investigating detective's suspicions instantly alight ('Ah, come in, Ringbottom').

It was crystal clear to me from the start that it was the Bishop who done it. Anyhow, what on earth is he up to on an expensive yacht, so far from, and neglectful of, Bude ('I have a very large flock' he keeps saying). And indeed it is not long before he is partially unmasked ('Listen, Bishop, you're in a spot') and with, even, a suggestion of 'sending the Bishop to the chair'. It then develops, as we say, that the Bishop's little difficulties are not murders but the usual ecclesiastical trouble – 'an unsavoury scandal with troops in 1917' for which the Bishop, who faints dead away from time to time, is being blackmailed. You'll have spotted from the name that Count Posodini is a wrong 'un and he is swiftly found to be a US con man called Slick Daniels who is travelling with a card-sharper's packs, loaded dice and a 'Mouser' (*sic*) which turns out to be a pistol rather than a cherished pussy keen on her job. 'So our handsome Count is nothing but a crook,' exclaims somebody who can't have read many detective stories. The solution to the murder is provided in a sealed compartment at the book's end. Remarkably ingenious too, and with no misleadings of the reader or false clues. Small wonder that Queen Mary, *who knew a good thing when she saw it*, is reported in 1936 to have snapped up six copies from Hatchards.

But what other than efficiency would one expect from Dennis Wheatley, who now concludes his autobiography with the last and third volume, published, sadly for us, posthumously. We hear how this famous author moved almost casually from selling wine in a family business (his father died of cirrhosis of the liver) to the much more profitable business of writing best-sellers. He has, too, increased our knowledge of what it was like to be a smartyboots man-about-town in those deplorable Twenties. There were nine-course dinners as a Liveryman (I'll say) of the Vintners' Company, white tie and tails evenings at Ciro's, special seats from which to gaze at Foch, Pershing, Beatty and Haig in the Victory Procession (how fascinating to learn that it came down Pont Street), shopping in Bond Street, dancing at Quaglino's, dinner at Prunier's.

Old men enjoy recalling – and why shouldn't they? – past amatory successes, and the handsome Mr Wheatley (dark hair slicked back with the maximum of brilliantine) rattles off what is really quite a list, with many a merry night in a free-and-easy furnished flat in the Haymarket, high jinks with an artist's model called Gwen ('I took her to Selfridges where we ate chocolate sundaes'), chorus girls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(abortions were taken care of by an elderly doctor conveniently resident in Shaftesbury Avenue), the 'angelic Gladys' of Berkeley Square, obliging ladies in Madrid and finally, after one misfire, a happy and solid marriage. An agreeable book about (I knew him during the war) a very agreeable man.

Blake Morrison

872,315 Pesos

Innocent Erendeira and Other Stories by GABRIEL GARCIA MARQUEZ *Cape* £4.50
The Cloud Catchers by URSULA HOLDEN *Eyre Methuen* £4.95
Woman on the Edge of Time by MARGE PIERCY *Women's Press* £1.95
The High Cost of Living by MARGE PIERCY *Women's Press* £2.25

Garcia Marquez has been translated into so many different languages, and acclaimed for so many different reasons, that any generalisation about the secret of his success is bound to look unsatisfactory. But in this country, at least, part of his appeal is as an expansive and full-blooded alternative to our tight little novels of social manners. The energy and excess which would probably not be tolerated in an English writer present no problems when they come from a Latin. Garcia Marquez has revitalised that dead phrase 'larger than life'. His characters eat more voraciously than real people, they make love more noisily, they live more adventurously and to a much greater age. They survive firing squads, suicide attempts, massive doses of poison. They experience the worst weather the world has ever known. 'It rained for four years, eleven months, and two days', we are told at one point in *One Hundred Years of Solitude*; and, by contrast, in the title story of this new collection, 'It's going on twenty years since it rained last'. Garcia Marquez's love of statistics helps normalise the abnormal and is a key factor in his special blend of realism and fantasy: the impossible spans of time over which people sleep, disappear, play chequers or whatever are recorded with scientific care.

Given this love of scale, it is not surprising to find that the best story in *Innocent Erendeira* is the biggest – the novella which gives the collection its title. Garcia Marquez buffs may spot the fact that it has grown out of an incident in *One Hundred Years of Solitude*: Aureliano sleeps with a girl who has been forced into a life of prostitution in order to repay a debt imposed on her for having burnt down her grandmother's house. Here we get in detail the accident with the candle, the 'eight hundred seventy-two thousand three hundred fifteen pesos' to be paid off, the endless travelling for new custom, Erendeira's love for Ulises and attempts to escape with him, the indestructibility of her grandmother. It is Garcia Marquez at his best, a world of lonely itinerants and haunting desert landscapes.

This story and the next two in the collection are all fairly recent ones. The remaining nine come from the years 1947-53, when the author was a comparative beginner (only 19 when he wrote the earliest) and still had much to learn. Most of the stories have a strong, but often imperfect, surrealist strain. As in the later work, there is a merging of animal and human, living and dead: a woman wishes to incarnate herself inside a cat, a man in a coffin has to die all over again. But much of the *angst* seems unearned, and there's little of the vivid symbolism of more recent work. What the early stories do usefully show is Garcia Marquez's awareness of European Modernism. Some commentators have presented him as the man who came from nowhere, but a tale such as 'Dialogue with a Mirror' looks to be indebted to Kafka and Magritte, and in general the earlier the text, the less South American its antecedents.

If Ursula Holden is reminiscent at times of Beryl Bainbridge, that is partly because of her attention to characters who, timid themselves, worship adventure in others. Bainbridge's Alan is an awkward accepter of the quiet life; so, too, is the apparently docile Eve in Ms Holden's *The Cloud Catchers*: she watches enviously as her cousin-cum-sister Eileen and the pseudo-Parisian Bridie flee to the big city. Eve has good reasons for wanting to follow: she lives on a rundown farm with an unloving mother, a mentally retarded brother and a father who sexually assaults her. But when she eventually does so she seems as little suited to flight as her pet hen Biddy. Various calamities ensue, and though Eve gradually learns to cope with urban living, she ends up back on the farm. It is the farm as it ought to be, however – with her new husband she will make it once again 'a place of light and welcome'. An idyll in the end then, but for a time Ms Holden's jagged prose helps provide some sharp edges.

Marge Piercy is already well known in America and comes here with two novels and a warm send-off from Thomas Pynchon ('Here is somebody with the guts to go into the deepest core of herself, her time, her history'). In *Woman on the Edge of Time* a down-on-her-luck Mexican-American is admitted to mental hospital in dubious circumstances and is forced to go through various nasty experiments. Her only refuge is her capacity to hallucinate: like the heroine of the film *I Never Promised You a Rose Garden* (obviously an in-motif), she makes contact with a sensuous Red Indian, and time-travels to future and more favourable climes. The utopian Alternative of the year 2137 – village intimacy, communal child-bearing, bisexuality, controlled ecology, etc – is intended to indict the present, and of course it does; but Ms Piercy piles on Connie Ramos's agony too thickly, and makes it hard for us to reconcile the helpless victim in the asylum with the stern intellectual inquirer into the future. *The High Cost of Living* is less ambitious, but more successful. It explores, with greater honesty and more willingness to admit doubts and contradictions, the strange relationship of three people whose sexual identities are in a state of crisis: Leslie, a karate-expert, lesbian-feminist research student; Honour, a brittle, 18-year-old virgin dominated by her mother; and Bernard, a homosexual ambiguously involved with both these women. As Bernard says, 'instead of a love that dare not speak its name, we have here a love that doesn't know what to call itself'; and though there is a loss of direction towards the end, the story never lacks interest.

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ARTS & ENTERTAINMENT

John Coleman

Suckers

Nosferatu – The Vampyre (X) *Gate, Notting Hill*
The Warriors (X) *Plaza 1; London release*
Agatha (A) *Prince Charles*
Big Wednesday (A) *Warner West End*

The cinema has always fed off itself, but the present steady stream of re-makes threatens to become a flood. Only last week we had the 'new' *The Lady Vanishes*; another *The Shape of Things to Come* is waiting in the wings; and now Werner Herzog's *Nosferatu – The Vampyre* arrives at the Gate. This is not just another Hammered-out Dracula movie, as might be guessed from its title: Herzog delivers a sometimes startlingly direct homage to Murnau's flesh-crawling 1922 version of the Bram Stoker novel. That had the unforgettable Max Schreck as bloodsucker extraordinary: this has Klaus Kinski in a very similar magnificent make-up – dead-eyed, elf-eared, with the cranium of a foetus, twin fangs placed centrally in a womanish mouth, trailing, claw-like fingernails. It also contains many of the original classic scenes, which lose – in my old-fashioned view – by the contemporary blessings of colour and sound (particularly when Jonathan Harker, despatched to Transylvania on an estate agent's mission to the Count and his immediate victim, mutters distractedly about 'black coffins' which are clearly grey).

The result is a thoroughly mixed curse. One sees why the old, old story attracted Herzog in especial among the latest burgeoning crop of German directors. The eye for alienating landscapes, most formidably on the alert in *Aguirre, Wrath of God* (where Kinski was also the eponymous madman, bent on world conquest), takes time out here to scan misty crags, tumbling rivers by sinister rocky tunnels, the tranquil town square of Delft gone quiet and then crazy as Nosferatu/Dracula glides in on his ochre-sailed ship with its deathly cargo of thousands of rats and a dozen coffins.

We are in strange territory and Herzog and his star are themselves exceedingly strange men: the story goes that they fell out during the making of *Aguirre*, when Kinski drew a gun on his director and there was nearly another kind of shooting. If Herzog has a sense of humour – and there was evidence of it in his American outing, *Stroszek* – it is unconventional, unsettling, often downright unreliable. Mercifully, this is a subtitled German print (the dubbed one was, by all accounts, awful), yet there are still awkwardnesses in the dialogue – '*Gute Nacht*,' says Lucy Harker (Isabelle Adjani once again pout-lipped and zombie-ish), calmly dismissing Dracula on his first visit to her bedroom. Tiny Clemens Scheitz, so good in *Stroszek*, pops up near the end in a ludicrous top hat as an official quavering, 'The police are all dead': this got a guffaw, I fear. And Roland Topor's giggling loonie is a performance utterly out of control. The best bits, however, are worth a wait. Coffins, now on a raft with three white-garbed oarsmen; the camera going overhead now and then to stare down at the evil ship at sea, the plagued town square; Jonathan's final gallop away over shifting sands ('I have much work to do now') as the new vampire. And, to set against the dire mistake of having the landlady drop crockery for the umpteenth time at the mention of Dracula, there is the strongest scene of all, compellingly erotic and nasty, when Lucy lies submissively in her nightdress and the Count, splayed fingers clamped firmly round her breast, sucks glutinously, insidiously at her neck till dawn breaks and all's up with him. Her sacrifice becomes an ambiguous one, calculated to bring out the worst in some members of any audience. Herzog's hypnotic freshness of vision and intermittent naïveté have their ugly sides.

After a tolerable directorial debut with *The Streetfighter* and the more overt pretentiousness of *The Driver* (Adjani was doom-faced as The Player, you may recall), the one-time screenwriter Walter Hill goes wholeheartedly over the top with a pseudo-heroic fable of New York street gangs, *The Warriors*. Taken from Sol Yurick's novel, which in turn drew on Xenophon's hazardous homeward trek with his band of Greeks through ancient Persia, it inflates the cruddy fortunes of nine leather-jerkined, Coney Island Warriors (rejoicing in such names as Cleon, Swan, Rembrandt and Ajax), come by nocturnal subway to a giant rally in the Bronx. In the film's best action, Cyrus, messianic president of the black Gramercy Riffs, passionately addresses weirdly garbed representatives gathered from some hundred gangs, proposing a mass truce and a take-over of the city – 60,000 of them to 40,000 pigs. 'We got the streets, suckers. Can you dig it?' All can, save for a very mean fellow indeed, who shoots Cyrus and swiftly pins the killing on the Warriors. Leader Cleon disappears under a pile of clogging bodies and arrow-nosed Swan (more blank face from Michael Beck) is left to ferry his fellow-thugs the 20 miles back to Coney Island. Great play is made with simplistic devices: intercuts of subway maps, close-ups of the crooning lips of a black female disc jockey coding messages to gangs in pursuit, vertical and diagonal wipes, an insistence on crude reds and blues.

There are also the blatant classical analogies. A policeman in tart's mufti handcuffs assaulting Ajax to a park bench. Gang-girls, the Lizzies, nearly trap three more trusting Warriors. Returned home, Swan looks dispiritedly at his territory: 'This is what we fought all night to get back to?' Despite the macho brutality (cartoonish because ketchupy), Mr Hill has his mushy moments. Moral Swan is dogged by pretty, sleazy Mercy (Deborah Van Valkenburgh), a girl from a minor group they 'waste' en route. From 'Why don't you just tie a mattress to your back?' he finally melts to handling her a bruised corsage dropped by a middle-class girl who hastily leaves the subway car with her Ivy League escort. (As a vignette, this is not bad: it's the gesture that stinks.) I saw this silly movie under normal, not press show, conditions and, after the heated reports of American reactions, am delighted to say much of it met with derisive laughter.

Michael Apted's *Agatha*, from a moderately ingenious story by Kathleen Tynan scripted by that charming lady and Arthur Hopcraft, sets out to account for what Mrs Christie was up to during the famous 11 days she went missing in December 1926. The official verdict, as put out by her caddish husband (Timothy Dalton here, often looking and sounding oddly like the young Olivier), was amnesia consequent upon her mother's recent death, and Mrs Christie herself never discussed the event, even though she did write in her autobiography of the affair her colonel was then conducting with his secretary. The chief star of the film proves to be the sets and location work at Sunningdale and Harrogate, even if Bertolucci's cameraman, Vittorio Storaro, rather overdoes the period glow and lambency. Vanessa Redgrave is an unlikely Agatha but, as always, a highly likely person, lifting the occasion by her shy warmth and steely practicality. Dustin Hoffman, as a top American society reporter for an English paper, is around – little more – to provide romantic interest and presumably a fistful of dollars. Helen Morse, the Australian actress from *Caddie*, is fine as a flighty fellow-guest at the spa who chums up with Agatha. It adds up to not much. John Milius's *Big Wednesday* is a sub-Hemingway love-up of three surfing creeps in four chapters: '62, '65, '68, '74, a sort of cross between those beach-party nonsenses and *The Green Berets*. As the trio go marching as to war, boards jauntily aligned, to swelling music and the last big one (a wave), one hardly knew where to put oneself. Unexpectedly better is *The Manitou*, in parts: word of that next week.

Sport

Russell Davies

Bundled

To those of you who noted my Cup Final selection and rushed out to put heavy money on Arsenal, congratulations. I can say only that my hopes chose a spectacular way to go down the drain. Spectacular in the end, at least. The first 85 minutes could have been a lot better. They'd have been quite a bit better without Young and Jordan, whose 'mid-air duel' was a giant toothless irrelevance throughout. Commentators on both TV channels were giving Jordan credit for gaining the upper skull over his honest, freckled adversary; but what good did this fractional supremacy do? The ball went anywhere. When Jordan at last got it down to ground level in the penalty area, he gave McQueen a scoring pass. (He'd had an earlier chance, too, when free on the right wing at the beginning of the second half; but the low, driven pass across the six-yard box, for which United have

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earned a J. Hill-endorsed reputation, failed to flash from his dithering boot.) It would have been wiser not to play Young at his own game, but to exploit him on the ground; so one way or another, what with Greenhoff very obviously operating in rationed bursts, it now appears that Ritchie should have been selected.

What United chiefly lacked was a man willing to carry the ball determinedly from an unpromising position to a promising one, and then release it. Thomas was prepared to try, but generally ended up in a place roughly comparable for lack of auspiciousness to the one in which he had begun. This is called running around in circles, or the Scampering Man syndrome, and the last place to expect success with it is Wembley. Since the heyday of Stanley Matthews (who appeared this year for the BBC looking, I thought, like an old Afghan hound wrapped in a ruptured briefcase) it has been obvious that the way to do well at Wembley is to run in the straightest lines you can contrive. And the specialist in this during Saturday's game was, of course, Brady, who proved that the old inside forward game, played strictly up and down that 'channel' from the halfway line to the edge of the area, can still be made to work if you have close control, a little surge of speed and a natural (or in Brady's case rather exaggerated) low swerve of the body. United's only serious attempt at an undeflected run of this type came from McIlroy in the last five minutes and a goal resulted – as it was always likely to do on a day when no defender had a thoroughly good game. Several seemed to be suffering from penalty-phobia, a disease which will do us no good in Europe if it catches on, but may do wonders for the goal-scoring records of the domestic game.

The wide-flung arms and gape-faced euphoria of the talented McQueen, after he had knuckled the ball into the net for all to see, amounted to a distasteful display of hypocrisy. The prospect of being remembered as the man who won the Final on a cheat seemed further from McQueen's mind than one would have believed possible, even allowing for ambition, 'pressure', the heat of the moment and so on. Players could usefully bear in mind the example of Peter McParland, the Aston Villa player who 'bundled' – to say the least – the Manchester United goalkeeper into the net for a goal in the Cup Final of 1957. McParland becomes more unpopular year by year as the scratchy old BBC film rolls through again to show him doing it. It is, in fact, the act for which the unlucky player's career is remembered, without pleasure. According to the referee, the charge wasn't even a foul; but posterity is harder on players than referees, or even the current rule book, can be.

I expect we shall hear the ridiculous phrase 'trial by television' again, as we did a few weeks ago when Leeds United's Ray Hankin (found guilty this week of bringing the game into disrepute) plainly raked or stamped two opponents. But the medium involved is unimportant: what we are talking about is trial by evidence – better evidence, in many cases, than the referee gets, and repeatable, reviewable evidence as well. I'm all for the abolition of the 'blind side', and TV in particular is helping to lift players out of the habit of covert crime. I shall forebear to remind you where Gordon McQueen spent his formative years in First Division football.

At the same time, I cannot let Mr Crystal's letter pass (NS 11 May) without comment. While I am not surprised he took my searing attack on the 'Leeds Physique' so seriously (it was courageous of him to stand by such an indefensibly bony player as Madeley), I'm astonished at his attempt to convince us that 'other clubs in the Football League who play in white could no doubt be described as playing in "blanched anonymity".' Surely by now it is no secret that the Leeds kit, generously tailored in NASA-developed Blancoflex, is additionally laundered twice a week in the same high-dazzle light-reflecting solution that is used to paint the nose of Concorde. On fine days, Leeds's opponents are so bemused by the glare that they are frequently stumped as to the identity of the player who is elbowing them. In very bright sunshine, they cannot even tell whether it is an elbow at all – it could be a knee, or a set of teeth! This is one of the stronger arguments against summer soccer, and a very strong argument indeed against playing Leeds at cricket. Mr Crystal is right in pointing out that Mr Jock Stein was also Leeds manager during the period under review. I had forgotten this. I dare say Mr Stein and the Leeds board have been trying their best to do the same.

Television

Julian Barnes

Transfer List

Yorkshire Television's bold new Ghetto Policy – which hasn't, as far as I know, been officially announced – has this column's fullest support. Their idea is that, if you corral off into a single show performers with untouchable personalities, you reduce the risk to the average button-punching innocent of falling painfully on a sight he'd rather avoid. The first ghetto slot is called *Don't Just Sit There*, and pens in *both* Magnus Pyke *and* David Bellamy; in other words – and the good news really does need spelling out – there are now 13 days and 23½ hours in every fortnight when there is no chance of stumbling on either of these two roaring egos (Wednesdays at seven is the time to miss). Now if Yorkshire could buy up Magnus Magnusson or . . . well, you can fill in the names. As a makeweight, *DJST* also currently offers a buddingly untouchable frontman called Robert Buckman; plump and bright-eyed, he strives for the hectoring hyperactiveness of Bellamy and Pyke, but so far has only achieved the rubber-wristed vitality of a Ronald Harwood (another buy there, Yorks?).

Since the show exists to fulfil the Policy, it doesn't matter much what goes into it. It's an audience-participating ragbag: people send in sightings of house-mice, volunteer to make chairs out of newspapers, that sort of thing. It also invites viewers to denounce their whacky neighbours: the star 'interesting guest' on the edition I watched was a man who shared his terraced house with four cats, a ferret, and some 40 carnivorous birds which he fed on stillborn calves. Clearly, the racket of avian munching so upset the locals that they squealed on their neighbour to the programme, in the hope that a conscientious camera team would fuse all his lights, or, at least, that with David Bellamy bullocking around, a fair amount of his porcelain would end up in powdered form. But we wouldn't find out, because victims and frontmen on this sort of show specialise in maintaining a depressing bonhomie. At one point, a lady viewer of the previous edition of the programme, outraged at the way Bellamy had thrown a bucket of water over a dog, was allowed to take aqueous revenge on the bearded buffoon. One's simple pleasure was ruined, alas, by the roguish glee with which Bellamy promptly went down on all fours, shook himself like a cute canine, and gabbled, 'You made quite a good point as I'm not nearly as good as a dog at getting rid of all that excess water.' There's nothing more dispiriting than watching someone endure humiliation like a good sport.

Having been more than a little puzzled by Page Three of the NS in recent weeks, I looked forward to Ralph Steadman's appearance on *Drawn and Quartered* (BBC-1), an *Omnibus* film about the way in which a dozen or so political cartoonists approached the Election, and the way in which they were (or were not) controlled by their employers. But somewhere a fascinating programme went missing. On the narrow front, Steadman's glosses on his voter-as-faeces-coming-out-of-Maggie's-dog's-bum cartoon and his 'Now Wash Your Hands' one – 'I wanted it to be totally insulting without being crude' – didn't leave one feeling much advanced; though this was Leavisian rigour compared to the trite exegeses of the other cartoonists. Whether sober or – at a *Punch* lunch – raucously blotto, they came across as politically naïve and far more smug than witty. Perhaps cartoonists, like children, should be seen and not heard.

As for giving us (as the *Radio Times* deceitfully promised) some insight into the tense, nervy editor-draughtsman relationship, this was limited to a single clip of Jak ('I'm slightly to the right of Colin Jordan') wandering into the office of *Evening Standard* editor Charles Wintour, who shuffled lazily through half a dozen preliminary ideas and muttered, 'Bloody good'. Jak then explained the devious method by which he persuades Wintour to choose the rough sketch which he (Jak) likes best: he puts it on the top of the pile. Apparently, Wintour always falls for this sophisticated stratagem; so perhaps tough artist-patron haggles don't go on after all. The most memorable line of the programme was uttered by the formidably complacent Jak: 'Nobody's ever said my stuff's meant to be terrifically accurate.' There *is* accuracy around in political cartooning, and savagery, and thoughtfulness, and humour; but such is the current state of the art that you only seem to be allowed one of the four at any one time.

I watched the Cup Final on BBC-1 as usual, and for the customary reason: *Schadenfreude*. You can be quite sure that over on ITV Brian Moore is sustaining an immaculate commentary, and is damp-eyed with pleasure for every minute of the game. On BBC, though, if the game gets dull (as it did this year for long stretches), you can always hope for a prime Motsonism. This time our John managed to drop a beauty even before the kick-off: 'And, if we can borrow a phrase from the musical *Evita*, Wembley today is really done up to the nines.' While we're about it, we might as well borrow another phrase from the musical *Evita*

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and record that Arsenal won 3-2. Sadly, the pro-Gunners banner predicting 'Arsenal Go Through Old Bailey' proved all too accurate. The other battle standards were well up to scratch: 'Jimmie Burns The Green Off Wembley' came in various versions, and, among a sea of 'Hello Mum's, I liked 'Get That Bloody Camera Off My Banner'. They were a bit cleaner this year (certainly nothing to rival the 'Fetherlite Mariner Slips Round Big Willie' spotted by Ipswich stalwart Russell Davies), though I did notice one naughtily enigmatic slogan: 'Arsenal Bend Balls Better Than Liberals'. The politicisation of the terraces has begun.

Art

John Spurling

Holy Paint

Byzantine, Greek and Russian Icons *Temple Gallery*
David Jones *Anthony d'Offay, until June 2; Scottish National Gallery of Modern Art, Edinburgh, June 9-July 8*

Gibbon tells a characteristic story to illustrate the idolatry of 8th-century Christians:

> A monk had concluded a truce with the demon of fornication, on condition of interrupting his daily prayers to a picture that hung in his cell. His scruples prompted him to consult the abbot. Rather than abstain from adoring Christ and his Mother in their holy images, it would be better for you, replied the casuist, 'to enter every brothel, and visit every prostitute, in the city.'

The civil war between iconodules and iconoclasts lasted for more than a hundred years, but the eventual triumph of the iconodules was more extreme in the Byzantine than in the Roman half of the Empire. For the West, religious pictures became illustrations and adjuncts to worship; for the East, actual objects of worship. Or rather, to quote Kurt Weitzmann's useful little book on *The Icon* (Chatto and Windus £5.95), 'neither the materials . . . nor the images themselves were being worshipped, they argued, but the prototype behind the image which became manifest through the representation.' So it was that the religious painters of the West were set free to develop right through to Rothko, while those of the East were embalmed in their sacred orthodoxy. Of course there were stylistic developments, especially after the 13th century, when the Crusaders occupied Palestine and the Venetians conquered Constantinople bringing Italian influences in their train, but basically an icon's function is to symbolise eternity, not to depict time and space.

The centrepiece of the Temple Gallery's remarkable exhibition (at 4 Yeoman's Row, Brompton Road, SW3) is a 14th-century St Mark, perhaps painted in Cyprus. The evangelist is shown half-length against a gold ground, clasping his gospel with the left hand and directing a pen towards it with the right. He is not holding the pen, since his hand is already occupied in making the two-finger sign of blessing across his chest, but the pen has evidently arrived, already dipped in ink, from the top left-hand corner of the picture, as if shot from heaven. It is the visible sign of what the saint is thinking about, his eyes turned down abstractedly towards the picture's bottom left-hand corner, while the stylised furrows of his face and the powerful curves of his hair and beard express the concentrated activity of his mind. The thing is not a portrait at all, but a vehicle for contemplation. What flows from the head down the pen, behind the hand, to the book and back up from book, through hand and pen, to head is nothing less than the biography of Christ. This is, one might say, an early conceptual work, with the difference from modern conceptual works that one is not short-changed visually. On the contrary, it is the beauty and strength of the painting which induce one to share St Mark's thoughts.

When it comes to icons of Christ himself, the challenge to the viewer – and therefore to the painter – is necessarily more direct. In two especially fine paintings in this exhibition, both Russian, Christ is shown holding an open book towards the viewer and making the sign of blessing with his right hand. The heads, however, are mere flat ovals, without any sense of inwardness. In the 15th-century *Christ Pantocrator* it is the straightforward, abstract grandeur of the design that takes you by the throat: Christ, wearing a red and white halo, a white dress and an orange toga, sits enclosed in a brilliant red diamond, itself enclosed in a blue oval, behind which appear the corners of a square curtain of the same trumpeting red. The figure appears at first to be floating, until one sees the outlines of a great curving throne, drawn three-dimensionally and interpenetrating all three layers of colour. The blue oval is actually composed of innumerable small heads with wings. Christ's large, pouched eyes stare down imperially from near the top of this tremendous image, half heraldic, half unearthly.

The Saviour, painted in the 16th century, is altogether plainer and gentler – a half-length figure in a blue toga against a green ground. His eyes also stare directly at you, but the quiet colours and the relatively larger head make him seem more the moral persuader than the ascended God. This is how Alyosha Karamazov might have seen his saviour, just as his brother Ivan would surely have seen his uncompromising spiritual guerrilla in *The Holy Face*, an icon of such intensity that even here, in a commercial gallery and up for sale, it goes far to acquit Gibbon's abbot of casuistry.

For David Jones, a Catholic convert in the Western tradition of painting, the task was almost the exact opposite of the icon-makers': to hold up and sanctify the things of this world, 'for a culture is nothing but a sign, and the anathemata of a culture, "the things set up", can be set up only to the gods'. His mature method, in his writings as in his drawings and paintings, was to throw in as much as possible all at once – history, myth and the real world – and establish cross-connections. The effect in his most ambitious literary work, *The Anathemata*, is rather pedantic and even trivial, because of his ostentatiously mannered style and his refusal to come seriously to grips with any of the diverse material, but his best drawings – mostly those with flowers or the Arthurian myth as their subjects – successfully fuse earthly appearance and spiritual significance into a magical way of seeing. The D'Offay Gallery's large selection of work fro all periods of his career shows how the som what ordinary, if pretty, seascapes and lan scapes of his earlier years are suddenly tran formed, via two mirage-like views of the s from a terrace at Brighton, into the comple transparent fragilities of four magnifice flower-pieces from the Fifties. One can al see, in a dreadful painting of the celebratic of the Mass, done in 1943 – all flaring candl flames, smoking censers and attenuated cho boys – how the over-emphasis on significanc as against appearance could destroy his del cate balance. Jones was not so much a succe sor to Blake as a late Victorian. He cou paint fairyland but not full-blooded religion

Theatre

Benedict Nightingale

Shoot-Off

A Tickle on the River's Back *Stratford Ea*
The Duchess of Malfi *Birmingham Rep*
The Plague Column *Young Vic*

These days the Theatre Royal stan marooned in a sea of municipal concret car-parks and feeder-roads going nowher like a Wendy house in Alphaville. Simply see it is to understand why it is one of our fe reps which can boast not only a house-styl but a house-content, the two of them appro imately definable as a clubby celebration of dwindling and disappearing community. A evening at Stratford East is apt to be a pr longed riffle through a photograph albur Look: a group of ARPs, or a Cockney we ding, or hop-pickers, or evacuees en route the country. Look: the kings of the riv paddling a cargo from Tilbury to Teddingto

Tickle is Nick Darke's tribute to tho 'kings', otherwise known as the Tham watermen and lightermen: a class of monar reduced by tugs and technology from 6,000 1960, when the play opens, to a mere 6(today, which is roughly when it ends. It h clearly been immaculately researched, ar may be safely recommended to anyone wl wants to know the meaning of tosher, killic gillin, soft-side or shoot-off, or to watch sizeable barge being manoeuvred through tl London drink like a Venetian gondola. The is a perennial fascination in the sight of skill men about their business, and I, for one, cou have done with more such documentation ar detail. As it is, Mr Darke has felt obliged slot his social observation into the story of apprentice who, goaded beyond endurance a bullying father, asserts his virility by punti a barge into a bridge and drowning the cu toms officer who has been squatting on cargo of 'general exotics'. All this the nig before his oral examination at Watermar Hall.

It is, on the whole, well-written and to tl point, a considerably less sentimental exerci in nostalgia than some of those seen at th address in the Littlewood days. It is sensitive directed by Jules Wright, and vividly acted l Noel Collins, Tom Wilkinson and others. B it takes us only as far as the interval, at whi

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point Mr Darke's imagination strolls out to the theatre bar and does not come back. He might have shown us how an ancient industry declined, and what its workforce did and didn't do about it. He might even have taken us into union meetings and management pow-wows. Unluckily, he's the victim of his characters, their personal relationships, and his single riverside set, pier plus bargedeck. So instead we find the one-time apprentice, who is now employed doing something unfulfilling on the Thames barrage, poised with rod, line, son and picnic-basket over a river that has become as good for fish as it's bad for boats. There then takes place a long, cantankerous and (at times) exceedingly implausible post-mortem into the events of the first act; and that, really, is that. A play that promised much simply peters out, as if to imitate the Thames itself in Oxfordshire.

Keith Hack's revival of *Malfi* occurs in the fuliginous gloom of a long, near-bare room with a black, shiny floor, like corrugated plastic, and what look like Velasquez churchmen and lordlings leering from the wall at the back. It is, as this setting forewarns, not an immensely subtle or discriminating production. For reasons best known to himself, Charles Kay's Bosola affects an adenoidal and somewhat doleful South African accent, and so comes more and more to resemble an anachronistically-accoutred Johannesburg police-spy in a crisis of moral conscience. Meanwhile, Ian McDiarmid plays his all-English patron and employer as shrilly and erratically as he dares, which is very. Modern actors seem unable to believe that a combination of avarice, family arrogance and period cruelty is enough to explain why Duke Ferdinand persecutes the sister who has married both herself and her fortune beneath their station. They cannot accept him as an existential villain, driven to lycanthropy by his escalating evils, but must be introducing wild incestuous cravings and other psychotic symptoms from the very first. Webster being Webster, this approach may be justified to some extent, but scarcely so far as it is taken by Mr McDiarmid, whose frizzy ginger hair and Artaudian extravagance at times threaten to transform him into a Renaissance Ken Dodd gone to the bad.

Still, it was the collaboration of Mr Hack and Janet Suzman that took me to Birmingham last week; and I do not think that those who admired their *Good Woman of Setzuan,* and especially their *Hedda Gabler*, will be much disappointed. Miss Suzman has her mannerisms, notably a slight break of the voice designed to evoke love, fear, pain, bewilderment, anything, everything. But her Duchess also has authentic qualities, both emotional and intellectual: distress, melancholia, and a sudden, barking anguish; a rueful and ironic awareness of her own weaknesses, especially her sexual weaknesses; an odd flirtatiousness which few other actresses would dare attempt, and fewer still succeed in keeping the right side of coyness; and, when it is wanted, considerable and touching dignity. 'I am Duchess of Malfi still,' Miss Suzman proclaims as madmen dance and murderers hover; and, yes, she is.

Jaroslav Seifert is 78 and still writing in Czechoslovakia, a nation whose nabobs tend to regard apostate communists like himself as class traitors, and private poetry like his as mere irresponsibility. Over there *The Plague Column*, an impassioned but delicate assembly of lyrics about love, youth, memory and the agonies of age, is available only in samizdat. Here we are luckier, since they are published in translation by Terra Nova, a better format for them than the theatre, which obviously allows no pausing, browsing or flipping backwards. In any case, the cast at the Young Vic too often invests them with that pontifical throb commonly favoured by actors when they think they are saying something significant but not quite comprehensible. An enterprising evening, but not much more.

Opera

Peter Conrad

About Face

The Nose *Coliseum*

Gogol's 'The Nose', the source for Shostakovitch's first opera, is at once a joke, a bad dream, and a parable. The errant schnozzle of the civil servant Kovalyov detaches itself, embarks on a brief career of its own, then rejoins its half-crazed owner. Gogol's narrator admits the absurdity of the anecdote, but warns there is some truth in it. That truth is of varying kinds. As a jest, the story exemplifies the diabolism of the practical joke, which aims to wound or disfigure or existentially diminish its victim. It is also told jokily, with Sternean whimsicality, so that its reader is as much bemused and disorientated as its hero. As a bad dream, the story confides Gogol's own psychological fears. The absconded organ is a symptom of sexual revulsion: the nose decamps in fright before a castrating woman can chop it off. As a parable, the story analyses both the inflexibility of society and the precariousness of personal identity. The nose can function as a person by acquiring bureaucratic rank and ensconcing itself in the imperial hierarchy of St Petersburg. But a person can't function without a nose. Like the clerk in 'The Overcoat' who validates his own superfluous being by the obsequious transcription of government documents, Kovalyov relies on the exterior insignias of status to confirm his sense of himself. If he loses his nose or his job, he no longer exists.

The fantasy extends towards a queasy surrealism in one direction, and towards satire in the other: Gogol's invention dramatises our uneasiness inside our bodies, and also mocks our pretence of mental self-sufficiency, which the body shamingly belies. His story insists on its own ambiguity by setting hero and narrator to puzzle over alternative interpretations. Kovalyov first suspects that someone is playing a fiendish practical joke on him, then wonders whether he might not be dreaming. The narrator, remarking in conclusion that 'all this took place in the northern capital of our vast empire', classifies the episode as what Dostoievsky called 'a Petersburg nightmare'. The autocratic city is for Russian writers a place of unreality and distraught fantasy. For the mad civil servant in Pushkin's 'Bronze Horseman', it is an apocalyptic city, subsiding beneath the flood while the statue of Peter the Great rears belligerently above the waves. For Dostoievsky, it is a neurotic city, 'sick, strange, and gloomy'. For Gogol, its neoclassical empty spaces are voids of unbeing into which characters disappear: the clerk in 'The Overcoat' is robbed while traversing one of its dim, interminable squares.

Although Gogol's story is about the oppression of psychological fear and social prohibition, one of its attractions for the young Shostakovitch must have been its zany licence, its authorisation of a dissonant freedom. The score is uproarious: the winds squeak, the brass brays out abrasive fanfares or snorts and snores in nasal commentary, the vocal writing is dizzy. Music both confers on Gogol's hero an anxious lyrical pathos and on his society a deranged cross-rhythmic violence. Gogol emphasises Kovalyov's comic dismay, Shostakovitch his tragic distress. Music records the psychological tribulations of the characters, not their physical antics. Hence Kovalyov's wistful lament when he exposes his unprotuberant face in the newspaper office, or the sudden relieved modulation in the orchestra when the barber, who has found the nose nesting in his breakfast roll, drops it in the river.

For the scene-changes, Shostakovitch wrote a series of frenzied symphonic interludes, ferociously conducted at the Coliseum by his son Maxim. The links in Gogol's narrative are whimsically elastic and inconsistent. Shostakovitch makes the connections relentless and obsessive. Driven by a percussive fury, the interludes inflate Gogol's joke into an alarming delirium. To illustrate these passages, the designer Peter Rice has assembled montages of Petersburg spires and domes which slide into traumatic metamorphoses to match the score's hysteria: one onion-dome is sliced in half and bleeds piteously, while another turns into an eyeball which is promptly eaten; a nose is sutured on to a face, a vulture's beak menaces a statue's privates. Otherwise, Anthony Besch's production is ugly and clumsy, cramped inside lurid little huts instead of evoking the dazing expanses of Petersburg. But the singers cope valiantly, and the score is excitingly played.

Gavin Ewart

Martial Writes a Double Haiku

Aurelia tells me
that you, Favilla, enjoyed
three men at once; this

puts me in mind of
the three-in-one Christian god
that Longus worships.

Weekend Competition

No 2566 **Set by Ms de Meaner**

To welcome the new Tory government, could we have apposite anagrams, please, for any of Mrs Thatcher's new ministers (plus Mrs T herself, of course). Bound to be popular, so a maximum of five entries each; by 1 June.

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Result of No 2563 Set by W. Sidesaddle

We asked you to rewrite any well-known 20th-century poem into either pidgin English or rhyming slang.

Report by Fatboy

Two separate comps here, neither of them easy. We weren't surprised that most of you chose pidgin: rhyming slang for one thing isn't usually rhythmic slang. A quality comp, and a coroner's apiece for a Stevie Smith, two Brookes, an Edward Thomas, and a MacHeice; a Room to Fagg.

The nobreathee man no man he hearim
but tho he nobreathee man he still shoutee man
i no so closin you thinkee me he sayee
and i no go wavee flap flap
but i go wavee down down –
tho now he no smilee fella he once much
jokee man
and now he nobreathee man –
he toolong no sunnee man
his tickitick quick no workee they sayee –
i notime sunnee man
o no no notime
still shoutee he nobreathee man
and i notime go wavee flap flap
but i alltime go wavee down down.

MARTIN FAGG

If my ghost flyway you take in head
There farway land where widegrass
B'long England notno stop will come by
B'long England soil good crop blurry more crops
Him b'long England Him Boss make shape
Make give one time big blurry love flowers
herway wlk'bout
England him go other side drink wind
b'long England
Him clean riverwater topside Sungod a'long house
Thinkum damn quick in belly damn spirits
him flyway
Topside tomtom in longtime thinkum nono more
Thinkum big gifts him England make topside gifts
B'long England eye see and boom b'long noise
big happy in day
Big laugh call with own tribe and nofight
topside peace
B'long peace in belly b'long England farway sky.

GERRY HAMILL

If I plum duff it, use yer loaf there'll still
Be a Johnny 'Orner over there that's Bill-
Insgate: me twist and bust'll make their Fuller's
Less boracic, for it was John Bull as
Made me Bum and Tittish as Big Ben
From me north and south to me plates of meat;
and when
There's nuffin but me coke and coal left spare,
That'll be Tittish as the royal pair.

ROGER MARGISON

Chuff-chuff him stop Adlestrop
Sun him shine him hot
Steam him puff puff
Man he no come
Man he no go
Grass him grow
Birds blong Worcestershire him go cheep cheep
Birds blong Gloucestershire him go cheep cheep
Train him go chuff-chuff
Me no see see Adlestrop no more.

MAUD GRACECHURCH

Me along dis firefela,
many whitefela belong light wall.
Down them soft as featherfela,
rosefela pink along whitefela fall.

World him crazy belong me,
two time manyfela everythin',
eat him boy orange me,
like boss along manyfela gin.

Along dis firefela many sound,
drunk man me eat boy orange,
whitefela rosefela round go round,
light wall manyfela two time strange.

ROY KELLY

Tony Miles

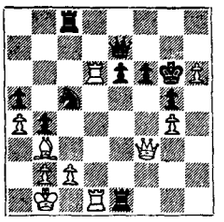
Chess

No 133 ***Dortmund Tournament***

The seventh annual international tournament at Dortmund was a terrible disaster for me. The event was not particularly strong — I was the highest rated of only four GMs, ahead of Georgadze (who recently came fourth, undefeated, in the Soviet Championship), John Nunn, and Jansa (Czechoslovakia). On paper it looked like a 'sprint' event with the top players likely to score heavily, and so it started. When I met Georgadze in mid-tournament I was half a point behind him and thus went all out for a win. After mutually scrappy play I established a positional advantage in a theoretically completely unloseable position. Unfortunately, while doing so I slipped into time trouble and in trying to make progress I fell into the last of a series of traps and lost.

This effectively decided the tournament, as Georgadze coasted home with draws. I continued to play erratically, but was still well in contention, with an outside chance of catching the leader until the penultimate round. Then I drifted to a drawn position against the German player Gerusel. Exceedingly irritated at this turn of events I decided to avoid the draw at all costs. The only method I could find was completely suicidal, so I played it. I rounded off things appropriately with a dispirited loss to the Yugoslav I M Nikolac which gave him both second place and his Grandmaster title. John Nunn came third by sensible, if unambitious play:— in the last round, needing to beat Georgadze, with White, to share first, he took a short draw — and I was left equal fourth with Jansa and Ghinda (Rumania).

White: T Georgadze Black: E Bohmfeldt
1.P-K4, P-QB4: 2.N-KB3, P-Q3; 3.P-Q4, PxP; 4.NxP, N-KB3; 5.N-QB3, P-QR3; 6.P-B4, Q-B2; 7.P-QR4, P-K4; 8.N-B5, B-K3; 9.P-B5, B-B5; 10.N-Q2! Establishing control of Q5 and leaving White with a lasting advantage. **10. . .BxB; 11.NxB, Q-B3; 12.Q-B3, P-R3; 13.N-K3, QN-Q2; 14.KN-Q5, NxN; 15.NxN, N-N3; 16.N-B3, B-K2; 17.0-0, B-N4.** Gets rid of the bad bishop, but creates other problems. ***18.Q-N4, BxB; 19.KRxB, 0-0; 20.P-B6.*** This pawn, a permanent thorn in Black's kingside, and the control of Q5 positionally decide the game. **20. . .P-N3; 21.P-R5, N-B5; 22.N-Q5, Q-B4ch; 23.K-R1, N-K6; 24.N-K7ch, K-R2; 25.Q-K2, N-B5; 26.N-Q5, NxRP.** This pawn snatch gives White time for a direct attack. **27.R-R3! N-B3; 28.R-R3, R-KN1; 29.Q-N4,** Intending RxPch **29. . .P-N4; 30.Q-B5ch, R-N3; 31.RxPch** Resigns.

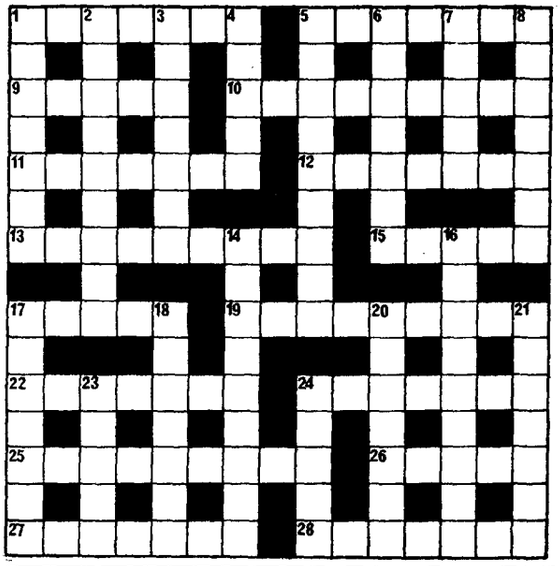


Problem 133
White to play. How should the game go? Answers to me at the NEW STATESMAN postmarked not later than 30 May.

Solution to Problem 31
1. . .RxPch; 2.K-B1, R-N8ch! Resigns. On 3.KxR, R-N1ch; 4.K-B1, B-N7ch; 5.K-N1, B-K5ch wins.

Weekend Crossword 1303

PRIZES: Book tokens of £2 for the first three correct solutions opened. Entries to Crossword 1303, New Statesman, Great Turnstile, London WC1V 7HJ, by first post 29 May.



ACROSS

1 Big creature turns up in small quantities (7).
5 Had a share also in place of recreation (7).
9 Not at all taking a woman to heart (5).
10 High ground produces a harvest with poor soil (9).
11 There is evil in the racket in washing (7).
12 A very hot day which is spent in a resort (7).
13 Extolling an archbishop before a party man (9).
15 Learners about to copy part of garment (5).
17 Belief which makes one embarrassed in company? (5).
19 Leave out in payments for mountains (9).
22 He turns out to be the one who wins in the end (7).
24 International whose victories are about the same (7).
25 Rates vary among the cheap non-specialists (9).
26 Love the area for its healthy atmosphere (5).
27 Arranging rests or lists of duties (7).
28 Tried with strange sad eyes (7).

DOWN

1 He is not particular whether he wins or not (7).
2 'To die will be an awfully big ——' (Barrie) (9).
3 Piece of music which makes a bird strike up (7).
4 'All —— is metaphor, and all metaphor is poetry' (Chesterton) (5).
5 Depiction of sunlight in a gateway (9).
6 A help freely given by one artist to another (7).
7 Bird which always appears if you have to grow lettuces (5).
8 Bird used in darkest religious rites (7).
14 Soldiers demand falsehoods (9).
16 Inheritance which makes a cut in £25 (9).
17 The chopper is ingenious if heartless (7).
18 It is a scandal that our gate has been broken (7).
20 Plants which are to be let in writing (7).
21 Hang or defer execution (7).
23 Welsh name for a girl without a penny (5).
24 A question of us being without a woman (5).

SETSQUARE

Solution to No 1301

P	A	D	D	L	E	S	■	F	L	A	G	G	E	D
O	■	E	■	A	■	O	■	O	■	R	■	U	■	I
I	N	C	U	R	■	P	O	R	C	U	P	I	N	E
N	■	A	■	G	■	H	■	A	■	M	■	L	■	T
T	E	M	P	E	R	I	N	G	■	S	U	L	L	A
E	■	E	■	■	■	S	■	E	■	■	■	E	■	R
R	A	R	E	B	I	T	■	D	A	H	O	M	E	Y
■	■	O	■	O	■	■	■	■	■	E	■	O	■	■
H	O	N	O	U	R	S	■	A	R	B	U	T	U	S
A	■	■	L	■	■	L	■	L	■	R	■	■	I	T
N	I	C	H	E	■	U	N	A	B	A	S	H	E	D
G	■	A	■	V	■	M	■	D	■	I	■	O	■	E
E	A	R	M	A	R	K	E	D	■	S	A	M	O	A
R	■	O	■	R	■	E	■	I	■	T	■	E	■	R
S	O	L	I	D	L	Y	■	N	O	S	T	R	U	M

Prizewinners to No 1301

Mrs B. E. Bubb (Manchester)
R. Armstrong (Morpeth)
A. G. James (Cardiff)

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APPOINTMENTS

Melbourne State College

DEPUTY PRINCIPAL

Applications are invited for the position of Deputy Principal of Melbourne State College, the largest tertiary institution in Australia specializing in teacher education. The College is located in the inner Melbourne suburb of Carlton and offers a wide range of undergraduate studies in arts and crafts, liberal and creative arts, commercial studies, and the sciences, together with professional studies in education. Postgraduate studies are available in education, librarianship, drama in education, special education, inter-ethnic education, curriculum, and visual communication.

The position arises because of the recent appointment of the former Acting Principal, Mr W. Pye, as Principal of the College. The person appointed will be a member of an administrative team consisting of the Principal, Deputy Principal and two Vice Principals, working under an autonomous Council. Applicants should have had extensive experience in tertiary education at a senior level and should have excellent academic qualifications. Evidence of a capacity for effective academic administration is essential. Some involvement with teacher education would be an advantage.

The Deputy Principal will be required to act on behalf of the Principal during the Principal's absence from the College and so will need to acquire broad understanding of financial, administrative and planning policy.

In addition the Deputy Principal will have specific responsibility for certain of the following areas:

Academic development
Staff development and welfare
Student services
Buildings and accommodation
Liaison with schools and tertiary institutions
Liaison with State and Commonwealth authorities
Liaison with employing and registration authorities

The College reserves the right to appoint by invitation.

If the person appointed as Deputy Principal is one of the current Vice Principals of the College, a consequential position of Vice Principal may arise and be filled by invitation to an applicant for the Deputy Principal's position.

Salary: Deputy Principal: $A33,492. Vice Principal: $A33,059

Applications close on Friday 29 June 1979.

Further information including method of application can be obtained from:

The Registrar, Melbourne State College
757 Swanston Street, Carlton, Vic. 3053
Australia.

3417

COHSE

Britain's Health Service Union

Research Assistant

£4,389 - £4,683
+ £354 London Weighting

A vacancy has arisen in the Union's Research Dept, at Head Office in Banstead, Surrey. Duties include preparing briefing papers, writing reports, abstracting articles and background policy and information work. Knowledge of Labour movement and the NHS is desirable as is background in economics.

Three weeks three days annual leave plus 10 public holidays, 5-day week, 9 a.m.-5 p.m. Pension scheme.

The successful applicant will be required to take up his/her post in early July.

Write with full details to the Research Officer, COHSE, Glen House, High Street, Banstead, Surrey, SM7 2LH, not later than Wednesday 30 May.

NACRO

Handsworth Alternatives Scheme

This new Home Office funded project aims to provide young offenders in the 17-25 age group with a range of community based facilities as alternatives to imprisonment. Project base will be Handsworth, Birmingham. The Management Committee — a partnership between the local community, Probation Service and NACRO — wants to recruit a team of four to carry out this interesting 3-year experiment, with knowledge and experience of working with young people from ethnic minorities, and/or knowledge and experience of the penal system, and/or knowledge and experience of community resources. Secondments from other agencies will be considered.

Co-ordinator	£5,144 - £5,390 p.a.
2 x Development Officers	£3,971 - £4,195 p.a.
Secretary	£2,983 - £3,200 p.a.

Details and Job Description from:

D. Anderson Grace Latibeaudiere Williams	Steering Committee Members	89b Albert Road Aston, Birmingham 6 Tel: 021-551 3145
or		
P. Whitehouse M. O'Connor	Senior Probation Officers	United Friendly House 76 Walsall Road Perry Bar, Birmingham Tel: 021-356 9621
or		
Robert Beech	Secretary	NACRO 169 Clapham Road London SW9 0PU Tel: 01-735 1151

Closing Date: 1 June 1979 **Interviews: 11 June 1979**

NATIONAL ASSOCIATION FOR THE CARE AND RESETTLEMENT OF OFFENDERS

THE LABOUR PARTY

requires

Assistant to the Conference Officer

The successful applicant will be someone who will act as Assistant to the Conference Officer and be trained and expected to work in all aspects of the organisation of the Party's four National Conferences (so that if necessary, he/she could, in absence of the conference officer, be able to deputise for the officer). The person appointed would be expected to have organisational ability, to acquire a thorough knowledge of those aspects of the Constitution and Standing Orders of the Party relating to Conference and to be able to deal, not only with the routine clerical work involved but also telephone and personal enquiries from Party members. The Section has no permanent clerical help, thus the person appointed will need to have basic typing skills, but the post is not secretarial.

Salary range £3,760-£4,065 per annum — depending on appropriate experience in a similar capacity (Salaries subject to negotiation at present time) LVs provided. 33¾ hr/wk.

Application forms and conditions of employment for the post can be obtained from **The Administrative & Personnel Officer, The Labour Party, Transport House, Smith Square, London SW1P 3JA. Tel. 01-834 9434.** Completed applications to be returned by Wednesday **6 June 1979.**

QUEEN MARY COLLEGE STUDENTS' UNION
(LONDON UNIVERSITY)

Administrative Officer

Salary Negotiable, not less than £6,000

The successful candidate will be responsible for the administration in a students' union of 3,200 members. Administrative and financial experience is essential. Close liaison with the Sabbatical Officers will be vital and the successful candidate will be expected to work flexible hours.

Application forms and job descriptions are available from: Treasurer/Services Officer, Queen Mary College Students' Union, Mile End Road, London E1 4NS. Tel. 01-980 1240 Ext. 10.

Closing date **1 June.**

CONTENTED TEMPS at Stella Fisher. Varied bookings (all London areas), top rates of pay and a really personal service, are enjoyed by our Secs, shorthand and audio, and Copy Typists etc. Prove it when you call: our only address: Stella Fisher Staff Bureau, 110 Strand, London WC2. 01-836 6644 (opp Strand Palace Hotel).

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UNIVERSITY OF SHEFFIELD

YTV Creative Writing Fellowship in Drama and Television

Applications are invited from men and women for the above Fellowship, financed by a grant from Yorkshire Television, and tenable in the Department of English Literature from 1 October 1979 to 30 June 1980 at a salary up to £3,429 (under review) for the nine months. The Fellow, who should preferably have some experience in playwriting or scriptwriting, will have the opportunity of participating in the Practical Drama work of the Department's fully-equipped Theatre Workshop; will have access to the facilities of the University Television Studio and the YTV Studios in Leeds; and will be encouraged to experiment creatively in the media of theatre and television. Applications (4 copies), naming two referees, should be sent by **4 June 1979** to **the Registrar and Secretary, the University, Sheffield S10 2TN,** from whom further particulars may be obtained.

Quote ref: R293/D.

AMNESTY INTERNATIONAL

requires

Two Executive Assistants

to work in Latin America within the America's research department. The Executive Assistant is responsible mainly for liaison with Amnesty Groups and National Sections on behalf of Prisoners of Conscience adopted by the organisation. She/he also assists with research tasks. Applicants should be familiar with the politics and social conditions of the region. Fluent English, Spanish and good typing essential. Knowledge of another European language an advantage. Salary £4,167 per annum (to be reviewed in July). Closing date **30 May 1979.** For further details, contact: **Personnel Office, 10 Southampton Street, London WC2E 7HF, or phone 01-836 7788 ext. 289.**

JOINT DOCKLANDS ACTION GROUP

There is a key vacancy at JDAG's Resource Centre in East London. Research/Planning skills and an ability to work with the community are required.

This is an important post working with local groups to ensure Docklands' redevelopment meets the needs of East Londoners. Docklands is one of seven **INNER CITY/PARTNERSHIP** areas. The post involves work on industrial and community issues with a wide variety of groups from tenants' associations to trade unions. Salary in the region of £5,000.

Further details from: **Resource Team, 2 Cable Street, London E1 8JG. Tel.: 01-480 5324.**

ACTION ON SMOKING AND HEALTH

Secretary/PA

to the Director of this small but lively pressure group. Starting 1 June. Good salary negotiable. Phone **Patti White** for details on **01-637 9843. ASH, 27 Mortimer Street, W1.**

INTERNATIONAL UNIVERSITY EXCHANGE FUND

Latin America Programme Officer:

required for IUEF Head Office, Geneva, to administer the scholarship programme for Latin American refugees and assist the Director and Regional Director for Latin America in the formulation and execution of IUEF programmes.

Junior Projects Officer

required for IUEF Regional Office for Africa in Lusaka, Zambia. To be responsible to the Regional Director, Lusaka, for the implementation of educational project work.

A knowledge of Spanish is required for the first post and a working knowledge of French would be desirable in both instances. Previous experience in developing countries and/or voluntary agencies desirable.

Further details and post descriptions: **International University Exchange Fund, Parnell House, 25 Wilton Road, London SW1V 1JS.**

CHILD POVERTY GROUP

needs a **Worker**
to join its
Citizens' Rights Office

We are looking for someone experienced in welfare rights and with ability to lecture, write and contribute generally to the aims of the group. Closing date **31 May 1979.** Apply for details to: **Jill Sullivan, 1 Macklin Street, London WC2. Tel. 01-242 3225.**

Student Community Action Coordinator

To start by 9 July at latest.

The Guild of Students of Exeter University is looking for a coordinator experienced in community work for its student community action group. Projects include **mental health, kids, OAPs, welfare rights, housing,** etc. Long hours, but a worthwhile and rewarding job.

Salary negotiable **£3,018-£3,657** (cost of living increase in August).

For more details phone **Exeter 75023.**

Typist/Clerk

required for office job in bookshop WC1. Varied work in friendly atmosphere. Good typing speed, previous experience and English 'O' level essential. 5 day week, 9-5, 4 weeks holiday p.a., bonuses, max. LVs. Salary £3,250+. **Ring 01-405 5166.**

SECRETARIES

Shorthand or audio secretaries needed urgently for varied and interesting trade union work. No experience necessary, but interest in trade unions preferred. College/School Leavers considered. £63.13 per week (under review) + £2.25 *luncheon vouchers* per week. Four weeks holiday. Interest free travel loans. Apply **Anne Hock, National Union of Agricultural and Allied Workers, 308 Gray's Inn Road, London WC1X 8DS. Tel. 01-278 7801.**

AFRICA EDUCATIONAL TRUST, 38 King Street, London WC2, seeks part-time Bookkeeper. Half-day per week. Hours to suit. Tel. 01-836 5075.

UNIVERSITY OF KHARTOUM — SUDAN

Applications are invited for the following posts in the

DEPARTMENT OF AFRICAN AND ASIAN STUDIES (3 posts).

LECTURER in the economics of African countries (problems of under-development, international trade and the international monetary system in relation to Africa).

LECTURER in Social Anthropology (in relation to African and Middle Eastern countries).

LECTURER in African Politics (rise of African nationalism, liberation movements, systems of governments, problems of modernisation, minorities in Africa).

Salary scale (exclusive of cost of living allowance) £S1,500-3,500 p.a. (£S1=£1.20 sterling). The British Government may supplement salaries in range £3,894-4,062 (sterling) for married appointees and £1,830-1,914 p.a. (sterling) for single appointees (reviewed annually and normally free from tax) and provide childrens education allowances and holiday visit passages. Family passages; baggage allowance; *superannuation scheme; unfurnished* accommodation available; various allowances.

Detailed applications (2 copies) with curriculum vitae and naming 3 referees to be sent direct to Acting Personnel Secretary, University of Khartoum, PO Box 321, Khartoum, Sudan by 28 June 1979. Applicants resident in the UK should also send one copy to Inter-University Council, 90/91 Tottenham Court Road, London W1P 0DT. Further details may be obtained from either address.

UNIVERSITY OF LANCASTER

DEPARTMENT OF RUSSIAN AND SOVIET STUDIES

Applications are invited for the post of:

TEMPORARY LECTURER IN RUSSIAN LITERATURE

The successful candidate will teach courses in 19th century Russian literature, including a final year special subject on Tolstoy and Dostoevsky. Some teaching in 20th century literature may also be required. The appointment is for one academic *year only.*

Salary in the range £4,232-£8,452.

Further details may be obtained (quoting reference L138/D) from the Establishment Officer, University House, Lancaster, LA1 4YW, to whom applications (6 copies) naming three referees, should be sent not later than 22 June 1979.

UNIVERSITY OF ESSEX

DEPARTMENT OF GOVERNMENT

TWO TEMPORARY *LECTURESHIPS 1979-80*

Applications are invited for two *temporary* lectureships for the academic year 1979-80 (to replace members of staff who are on leave). Preference will be given to applicants with ability to teach in one or more of the following fields: British Politics, Political Theory, Mathematical Political Analysis, Decision-making Theory, Comparative Politics. Appointments will be made at the lower end of the Lecturer salary scale.

Applications (three copies), *including* a curriculum vitae and *the names and addresses of two* referees, should reach the Registrar (AG/75/NS), University of Essex, Wivenhoe Park, Colchester CO4 3SQ, from whom further particulars may be obtained, by 8 June 1979.

AUSTRALIAN NATIONAL UNIVERSITY

FACULTY OF ARTS

DEPARTMENT OF POLITICAL SCIENCE

LECTURER

App ications are invited from suitably qualified persons for appointment to the above-mentioned post. The Department will consider candidates in all areas, and is especially interested in candidates competent in Political Sociology and/or Political Science Methodology (including Quantitative Methods). It is unlikely that an appointment will be made in the fields of Political Theory or International Relations.

Appointment will be for three *years in the first instance with the* possibility of reappointment after review.

CLOSING DATE: 18 JUNE 1979.

Salary will be in accordance with qualifications and experience within the range: $A15,786-$20,738 p.a. Present exchange rates are: $A1 : 53p : $US1.11.

Reasonable appointment expenses are paid. Superannuation benefits are available for applicants who are eligible to contribute. Assistance with finding accommodation is provided for an appointee from outside Canberra.

The University reserves the right not to make an appointment or to make an appointment by invitation at any time.

Prospective applicants should obtain further particulars from the Association of Commonwealth Universities (Appts), 36 Gordon Square, London WC1H 0PF.

UNIVERSITY OF HULL

DEPARTMENT OF ECONOMIC AND SOCIAL HISTORY

Applications are invited for a temporary post of

LECTURER IN ECONOMIC HISTORY

for a period of one year beginning 1 *October* 1979. *Candidates* specialising in any area or period of Economic History will be considered for this post.

Salary scale: £4,232-£8,452 per annum (formal confirmation of the salary scale is awaited) *plus* USS benefits.

Applications (6 copies) should give full details of education, qualifications, teaching and re*search, together with the names of* three referees and should be sent to the Registrar, The University of Hull, Hull HU6 7RX by 8 June 1979 from whom further particulars can be obtained.

BRITISH MEDICAL ASSOCIATION

SECRETARY/PA

In addition to usual secretarial duties, the appointee to this responsible post will assist with the organisation of the work of two Industrial Relations Officers in a small, but expanding and friendly office, and will be encouraged to help with giving advice and guidance to members. Some experience of working in a Trades Union Office will be an advantage.

The commencing salary (which is currently under review) will be in *the region of £4,500. A generous* superannuation scheme, and 4 weeks annual leave are also offered.

Apply with full details to Personnel Division, British Medical Association, Tavistock Square, London WC1H 9JP. (Ref. IRO).

ROUTLEDGE & KEGAN PAUL will shortly have a vacancy, through promotion, for an academic and trade representative based at offices in Henley-on-Thames. The job, which is basically selling to the book trade in outer London and attending academic exhibitions within the UK, will give a sound introduction to book publishing. Knowledge of the trade is not required and a full training programme will be arranged. Recently qualified graduates, who can show that they are well organised and wish to make a career in publishing, should write fully with c.v., to David O'Connor, Routledge & Kegan Paul, Broadway House, Newtown Road, Henley-on Thames, Oxon. RG9 1EN.

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UNIVERSITY OF SHEFFIELD

DOUGLAS KNOOP RESEARCH FELLOWSHIP IN ECONOMIC HISTORY

Applications are invited from men and women for the above Fellowship tenable for up to three years from 1 October 1979. The successful applicant will be required to pursue research within the field of Economic and Social History, and to engage in a limited amount of teaching. Applicants should be available for interview in Great Britain. Initial stipend within the range £4,232-£4,776 a year. Particulars from the Registrar and Secretary, The University, Sheffield S10 2TN to whom applications should be sent by 11 June 1979. Quote ref: R297/D.

UNIVERSITY OF ST ANDREWS

DEPARTMENT OF ECONOMICS

Applications are invited for a LECTURESHIP IN POLITICS in the Department of Economics, tenable from 1 October 1979, or as soon as possible thereafter. Applicants should have a special interest in International Politics. Salary at appropriate point on scale £4,232 to £8,452 (under review), starting salary probably not above £6,108, plus FSSU/USS.

Applications (two copies preferably in typescript) with the names of three referees should be lodged by 8 June 1979 with the Establishments Officer, The University, College Gate, St Andrews, Fife, from whom further particulars may be obtained.

WORKERS' EDUCATIONAL ASSOCIATION

WEST MIDLAND DISTRICT

THREE TUTOR ORGANISER POSTS

Applications are invited for the following posts:

(1) Tutor Organiser for Industrial Studies in Telford and South Staffordshire.

(2) Tutor Organiser for the City of Birmingham to assist with existing branches and with priority work.

(3) Tutor Organiser for Worcestershire and Dudley.

Salary Scales (under review) Tutor Organisers: I £3,330, to £3,606; II £3,747 to £6,558. For full details write (stating which post) with s.a.e. to District Secretary, 9/11 Digbeth, Birmingham B5 6BH. Applications by 31 May.

Studentship

UNIVERSITY OF ESSEX

SSRC RESEARCH STUDENTSHIP (QUOTA AWARD) IN SOCIAL/ECONOMIC HISTORY, 1979

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Theatres

ALDWYCH THEATRE (Royal Shakespeare Company). 836 6404. Info 836 5332. 'Love's Labour's Lost', 'The Taming of The Shrew' and Mikhail Bulgakov's 'The White Guard'. See daily press for dates and times. RSC also at The Warehouse in Howard Brenton's 'The Churchill Play', 'The Merchant of Venice' and Tom McGrath's 'The Innocent'.

CHICHESTER FESTIVAL THEATRE Season. 0243 781312. Season sponsored by Martini & Rossi. 'The Devil's Disciple' 18, 19 May (m. & e.) 24 (e.) 26 (m.). 'The Eagle has Two Heads' 21, 22, 23, 24 May (m.) 26 (e.). Eves 7, mats Thur. & Sat. 2.

HAMPSTEAD THEATRE. 01-722 9301. Swiss Cottage Centre, NW3. 'Then and Now' by David Mercer, with Simon Chandler, Mike Gwilym, Patricia Hodge, Morag Hood, John Nettleton, Liz Smith, directed by Robin Lefevre. Previews. 17, 18, 19, 20 May at 8 p.m. Press night: 21 May at 7 p.m. Thereafter: Mon.-Sat. 8 p.m. (Sat. mat. 5 p.m.). Tickets for all previews £1.70 thereafter £1.70 & £2.30.

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Meetings

FREEDOM OF INFORMATION. A public meeting organised by the National Secular Society. Speakers: Clement Freud MP, Crispin Aubrey (ABC), Phil Kelly (freelance journalist). Thurs. 24 May 7.45 p.m. Conway Hall, Red Lion Sq., London WC1.

THOMAS HARDY AFTERNOON: Saturday, 26 May, 2-6 p.m. Queen Mary Hall, YWCA Central Club, Great Russell Street, WC1. Speakers: Robert Gittings and James Gibson. Admission £1. Details and tickets from A. G. Berrisford, 6 Scarth Road, SW13, or at the door.

THE CAMDEN COUNCIL for International Cooperation Meeting at 8 Hop Gardens, St Martin's Lane, WC2, Wed. 23 May 6.30 p.m. Speakers will be the Central London European candidates Sir David Nicholson (Conservative), Mr Peter Gresham (Labour), Mr Robert Browne (Liberal).

TOWARDS BROAD BASED support in the UK for Palestinian rights. Public meeting to launch solidarity and aid projects at the Africa Centre, 38 King Street, London WC2, 7 p.m., 21 May. UK Palestine Coordination, a MERAG initiative.

ICA EVENTS, Nash House, The Mall, SW1. 22 May 7.30 p.m. Richard Wollheim on 'Art, Expression and Madness' (accompanies the Wölffi exhibition). 75p. 930 6393.

THEOSOPHY: S.a.e. for pamphlets, book list, programme of activities. Public Talk Sun. 20 May 8 p.m. 'True Meditation'. ULT, 62 Queen's Gdns, London W2.

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